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American

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HOW
WE HELP

SILENCE THOSE WHO CAN HELP

THE VALUE of the EX-COMMUNIST

*Pat A.
McCarran*

IN THE HOUSE of Communism there are many mansions. The entrance to all of them is a revolving door, through which a flock of eager innocents is continually pushing, while a horde of disillusioned victims streams out, sadder and wiser for their experience within.

In recent months, as head of a Senate subcommittee that has been investigating subversion, I have watched a parade of the disillusioned. They have brought home to me sharply the unique problem represented by the ex-Communist. He is a challenge at once to our common sense and our human compassion. The pathos of his position — persecuted by the comrades of his outlived past, maligned by muddled self-styled “liberals,” too often re-

jected by the rest of us on the senseless theory of “once a Communist always a Communist” — is too little understood. The vital contribution he is making to the enlightenment of our people and the security of our nation is even less understood.

THERE ARE, it is estimated, at least a million ex-Communists and former Red fellow-travelers in the United States. Perhaps 10 percent of them were actual members of the Communist Party. The rest are people who knowingly labored for the Communist cause, usually through “front” organizations es-

pecially designed to enlist and exploit them, without actually joining the Party.

Taken together these people constitute an important potential force in the struggle to expose and defeat the Red conspiracy in our midst. Whether we use that force effectively or waste it depends on the wisdom and fellow-feeling we bring to our relations with the large and always growing army of defectors from Communism.

Because they have been schooled by experience, these men and women have intimate knowledge with which to arm us against the Communist enemy. Because the best among them, the most sensitive, are impelled by a sense of obligation to atone for having dabbled in treason, they bring to the fight precisely the kind of devotion it requires. Better than most they can tell us the *who*, the *how* and the *why* of Red mischief, and guide us in dealing with the complex problems of Communist infiltration, subversion and espionage.

It is essential that we should not, by our attitudes toward them, blunt the weapons they offer. If our press and public and officialdom regard the reformed Communists or fellow-travelers with hostility and contempt, few of them will have the courage to make their information and insights available to us. Obviously, if the ex-Communist who keeps quiet can retain his job and

his reputation, while those who seek to make up for the past — by cooperating to neutralize the Communist menace — are reviled and penalized, we shall find precious few ex-Communists in the lists of freedom. I am convinced that we ought to stifle instinctive prejudice against those who formerly worked for Stalin, if they give indubitable proofs *in action* that the break with their past is clean-cut, sincere and final.

Not all former Communists are trustworthy. Some, now masquerading as anti-Communists or non-Communists, are still loyal to the Kremlin in their hearts. Others are time-servers who labored in the Red vineyards when it was fashionable and profitable, but abandoned those haunts when the climate of public opinion changed. A good many have been so confused and morally distorted by their servitude to Stalin that they can make no real contribution. There is also a substantial group of people, particularly among the vague sympathizers, who went in and out of the revolving door so fast that they learned nothing of real value.

But the honest, intelligent ex-Communist should not be punished or denied the privilege of helping his country because of the others. The most useful ex-Communist — and fortunately he is also the most typical — is the one who joined the movement from idealistic motives

and emerged with his idealism intact. Having learned the hard way that Communist objectives are the opposite of what he once believed them to be, he is driven by his conscience to fight Communism at any risk to himself. This is the ex-Communist who deserves not only our warm encouragement but our respect.

LET US ALWAYS bear in mind that people are often lured into the Communist fold by an appeal to their sense of justice, as a reaction against poverty and intolerance. This is especially true of young Americans, in schools and colleges. Burning with youthful zeal to change an imperfect world, they are easy marks for the fraudulent slogans and pretensions of Stalin's tutored agents. It is, in the final analysis, a grave failing of our society that it does not provide them with genuine outlets for their idealistic zeal.

It is only natural that, having joined the Communist movement, they should try desperately to believe in it, closing their minds against unpleasant facts, rationalizing the facts that cannot be closed out. And when self-delusion at last crumbles, the event is heart-breaking. They are like people who have lost a religion — dazed, unhappy, rudderless. They need new friends, a new faith, a helping hand in restoring their self-respect. Too fre-

quently, however, they do not find these. Having given up the Communist world, they are treated like lepers in the world of freedom.

We must realize that it is not easy for most Communists to break away from the cause. Insofar as it implies that he has been a fool or a dupe or both, it calls for considerable psychological courage. In many cases it also calls for physical courage, since he knows that thereafter the Communist machine of slander and persecution will be dedicated to his undoing. Stalin's agents stop at nothing, even murder, to silence those who know too much and might expose their operations. In the powerful social and intellectual circles where sympathy for Communism — or distaste for those who actually fight Communism — are the hallmarks of a "liberal," the ex-Communist is treated as a "renegade," a pariah, an outcast. Where Communists have direct or indirect job control — as is unhappily the case in some trade unions, government agencies, press and educational areas — he will be denied the right to make a living.

The reader to whom this sounds like exaggeration simply does not know how pervasive semi-Communist and anti-anti-Communist influence has become, and how implacable the "comrades," and their witting and unwitting helpers, are in punishing defectors. A number of former Communists have disap-

peared or have met death mysteriously, even in America, notably Julia Stuart Poyntz and Walter Krivitsky. Others have been rendered destitute by the subtle power of Communists and their sympathizers deployed in places of influence. Scorned or economically blackballed by the Right because he once was a Communist, attacked and if possible destroyed by the Left because he no longer is one — such is the ordeal of the honest ex-Communist.

Journalists, authors, educators who during the war and for years after counseled us to trust Stalin are nevertheless prospering. If they are adroit enough to conceal their Red sympathies or affiliations, they are temporarily safe. Protected by the lack of evidence acceptable to a court — and conspirators do not intentionally leave proofs of their guilt around — or by statutes of limitation, they continue to teach or hold official posts. We all know that even scientists identified as having worked with Soviet atomic espionage agents are still on the faculties of some educational institutions.

But the forthright ex-Communist, the one who has admitted his mistake and tried to throw light on his former associations, is in a different position. In the entertainment industries, press, book and magazine field, and in some trades dominated by Communist-controlled unions, such a “renegade” frequently finds

himself barred from employment. Elsewhere, the timidity or stupidity of employers, sometimes through an excess of anti-Communist zeal, operate to deny him a job.

Thus all the pressures of simple self-interest and all too human cowardice tend to convince the former Communist that he is better off if he does not reveal his past. What he could contribute of information and guidance to the greater security of our nation is lost to us. It should be obvious therefore that the ex-Communist who is willing to “tell all” deserves our encouragement and gratitude. *No less obvious should be the fact that there would be many more such courageous ex-Communists if all of us tried to make their passage back into the free world easier.*

It would require a separate essay to examine the reasons why so many intelligent, high-minded people first join the Communist Party and then repudiate it. There are a great many books by ex-Communists that do explore this phenomenon — *The God That Failed*, for instance, or Hede Massing’s *This Deception*. Now and then disillusioned Stalinists write articles trying to unravel their own stories, as the Hollywood director Edward Dmytryk did recently in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

What interests us, as a matter of national policy in the struggle against Communism, is that those who became Communists for idealis-

tic reasons, then discovered their tragic error, find no peace of mind after the break. Their conscience demands that they warn their fellow-Americans against the danger. There we have the clue to the fervor with which people like Whitaker Chambers, Arthur Koestler, Elizabeth Bentley, Louis Budenz, Benjamin Gitlow, Joseph Zack — despite abuse from the Left and often contempt from the Right — devote themselves to exposing Communism, its methods, its organizations, its supporters and agents.

It seems to me obvious that we should encourage other ex-Communists to follow in the same path. Each time that a Hollywood writer or actor, or professor, or journalist who has broken openly and sincerely with Communism is penalized by being denied work, we are in effect warning others not to sever their Communist associations or, having severed them, to retreat into the shadows.

THOSE WHO FOR years have believed that our government is a tool of the "capitalist class" find it hard to cooperate with Congressional committees. Long-held beliefs are not thrown off casually like outworn garments. They are rooted in the nerves long after the conscious mind has rejected them. We must understand this. We must appreciate the fact that in appearing before committees and laying bare

their own past blunders, in publicly identifying and indicting those with whom they shared a political obsession, ex-Communists are subordinating self-interest to the public good.

We know that the Communist Party requires its members to answer detailed questionnaires regarding their personal affairs and those of their friends and relatives. In addition, the Party gathers dossiers on its members from other sources. It is in a position to blackmail the backsliders, since there are few persons anywhere who have nothing to hide. Al Capone in his palmiest days was a tyro compared to the Communists when it comes to using blackmail techniques.

I am often asked why we need ex-Communists in investigations and prosecutions. Why do we not rely exclusively on the FBI and the police? The answer, of course, is that in a democracy it is extremely difficult for the police alone to cope with a conspiracy as ramified as the Communists'. We must have the help of informed citizens and patriots — and particularly of those who by reason of their own past experience are best equipped to help. Communist membership records are secret, but the FBI estimates that there are about 45,000 members and at least half a million fellow-travelers. To keep such a huge number of actual or potential Soviet agents under effective sur-

veillance would require a secret police force of millions of men. And this would violate all American traditions and undermine our free way of life.

In America we have one police officer for every 750 citizens, or a total of 200,000 for our population of 150 million. Virtually all of them are concerned with ordinary crime; they have neither the function nor the training for coping with subtle totalitarian plots, espionage, and infiltration. The number includes some 5,000 FBI agents, assigned to cover the myriad crimes on the Federal calendar. By contrast, the Soviet Union has literally millions of secret police, and millions more who operate, willingly or under duress, on a part-time basis. Where the Tsarist regime got along with a few thousand members of the Okhrana, its Soviet equivalent — the Cheka, GPU, NKVD and now MVD — employs millions.

Once we recognize this contrast between the functions and limited powers of democratic police and the magnitude and omnipotence of Communist police, we shall no longer fall into the nonsensical error of regarding the ex-Communist who is willing to help us as an "informer." The prejudice against "informers" is understandable, but it simply does not apply in this context. We are dealing with people who denounce former associates not for personal gain or advantage but, on the

contrary, people who do so as a matter of duty and despite the dangers and the sacrifices it entails. An American who, in time of war, denounces enemy agents and spies certainly is not an "informer." Neither, by the same logic, is an ex-Communist who furnishes information about Stalin's agents. He, too, is performing a patriotic service in a war involving the very survival of our civilization.

Yet we have witnessed the curious phenomenon of certain sections of the press by and large favoring Alger Hiss but hostile to Whittaker Chambers. Except for the few who knowingly side with the Communists and their sympathizers, these editors failed utterly to grasp the elements of that human drama. They did not understand that Chambers, acting from a deep sense of social responsibility, had deliberately opened himself to attack, had deliberately unveiled a past of which he was ashamed, had caused himself great financial injury, in order to help cleanse his country's government of those who are anxious to harm and destroy it.

The same applies to others. Miss Bentley, having cut her relations with the Communist spy ring, could have kept the secret to herself. All the temptations of self-interest naturally pointed in that direction. No one interrogated her. In fact, when she tried to tell what she knew, no one in authority at first deigned to

listen. She persevered and in the end she compelled us to hear her. This she did as a duty to her country.

AS A DIRECT result of my official contact with the problem, I am convinced that the ex-Communists can be our most potent allies in the battle against Communism at home and abroad. I can well understand why J. Edgar Hoover, who has been so close to the battle, has paid eloquent tribute to the services rendered by former Communists. I would urge both the public and the government to abandon the belief that the Communist stain is ineradicable. It is an attitude which makes a mockery of repentance and, in addition, deprives the country of the special knowledge only former Communists possess.

With machiavellian cunning, the Communists and their confused "liberal" defenders have *themselves* planted the idea that since Communists lie, those who have ever been Communists are not to be believed. We saw that delusion in full bloom when the partisans of Hiss sought to picture Chambers as a "pathological liar." There is no logic in the idea, as those who propagate it know so well. We might as well say that the intelligence officer, or member of an underground, who lied to deceive his enemy can never afterwards be counted upon to tell the truth.

The Communists consider them-

selves at war with the non-Communist societies and governments. They lie as they commit other crimes — in the self-righteous belief that they are serving their cause by deceiving the enemy. But once a Communist has sincerely repudiated his allegiance to Stalin, has sincerely embraced the cause of freedom, he can become a loyal and truthful American. His reason for lying has vanished, and the desire to tell the full truth may become compelling.

Naturally, nothing I have said applies to all former Stalinist adherents. Those who remained in the Communist straitjacket for a long time without rebelling against its authority may, in some cases, have been morally crippled for life. We are duty-bound to responsibly and critically evaluate ex-Communists, to avoid the other extreme of naive credulity. We should be especially wary of those who were thrown out of the Party and did not break of their own volition. The very experience of expulsion may snap the hypnotic spell of their Communist commitments, so that they may in time experience an honest change of heart. But unless they have proved this by action, they are legitimately subject to doubt and circumspection.

But, in our evaluation, we must bring to bear understanding and compassion. We must understand, on the one hand, the natural reluctance of many ex-Communists to

expose former friends and, on the other hand, the burning sense of duty that makes some seem overly eager to do that very thing. On the whole, those who have had the courage to break with the Party through choice rather than compulsion, and to brave the consequences of their conversion, can be counted upon to be at least as truthful as average people. The least we should grant them is a hearing.

The essence of the matter, as I see it, is that the ex-Communist must be met more than half way by the society he is eager to rejoin. He should be given every opportunity to offset his past by word and deed. Precisely because he has opened himself up to cruel attacks from his former comrades, vituperation and sneers from the addle-pated "liberals" and "progressives," the rest of us are called upon to offer him judicious sympathy.

THAT SO MANY ex-Communists have failed to come forward with the information in their keeping is partly our own fault. In nine cases out of ten, the Communist or fellow-traveler is not a person of criminal tendencies; and in the tenth case he is more likely to be neurotically confused and frustrated rather than evil. Normally he is a person with an acute sense of social justice who has followed the Red will-o'-the-wisp in the earnest certainty that he was on the side of the

angels. But for the grace of God, it might be a member of your own family who had the misfortune to come under the influence of a pink professor or a Stalinist friend. Like polio, the disease can strike anybody susceptible to it — and those susceptible are not necessarily the worst kind of people.

If, in the course of his convalescence, he is spurned by those whom he would join, what alternative has he but to lie low and pray that his Communist record will remain unnoted and forgotten? Too many of us, unfortunately, have been willing to utilize ex-Communists cynically, on the theory of "use a thief to catch a thief," without beginning to comprehend their predicament or appreciate their sacrifices.

With respect to other sins and crimes, we have come close to a humane concept. Except for a few diehards, we welcome the reformed criminal and make rehabilitation rather than punishment the guiding purpose of justice. Let us, at the very least, carry that concept over to our treatment of ex-Communists. Often they can render us unique services. But aside from this consideration, it should be our objective to facilitate their adjustment to normal life. Not only is the Communist disease curable but those cured sometimes come out stronger, more dedicated to decency and patriotism, than many who were never infected.

NEW YORK'S

Brownstone Girl

ROBERT LOWRY

LIKE THAT GREEN, distant lady who stands out there in the water at Manhattan's gates, Carol Reed (25, five-foot-six, single, very attractive) also carries a torch for liberty — for a kind of feminine freedom, that is, which Carol came to New York four years ago to find, and found.

It amounts to this: one 2½-room elevator apartment on East 53rd Street; a telephone ringing with more invitations to drinks and dinners and parties than Carol can keep up with; an address book full of Grade A and Grade B contacts in the New York women's magazine world, the right to see whom she likes and go where she likes and get home when she likes — three conditions which wore a rosy, faraway aura a decade ago when Carol was a high school girl in Pittsburgh, or even a few years ago when she was going to Bennington.

For Carol, you see, is a full-fledged, five-star, success-scintillating member of Manhattan's Up-

town Bohemia. Her spiritual arena is an area bounded on-the north by smooth-running taxicabs and smart bars; on the east by young and not-so-young — but all very “interesting” — men; on the west by boats and planes and trains that can whisk a girl off to Westport for a weekend or to Paris for the standard Left Bank tour; on the south by Greenwich Village, where the tradition which Carol lives by has its roots.

Carol glides about like a long, flashing fish in this metropolitan goldfish bowl, looking, to those who gawk longingly at her in restaurants or on the street, like life's golden girl. But Carol cried last night. She cries at least once a week, and Hubert is usually there when she does.

Hubert is Carol's soul confidante, a pudgy, pink-faced young man who publishes poems in *The New Yorker* (as well as in *The Kenyon Review*) and who treasures his admitted, but seldom practised, homosexuality as

"a precious link with the ancient Greeks" (we're quoting *him*). Every real Uptown Bohemian girl has her Hubert to confide in on slow evenings; he's as much a part of her surroundings as the framed Toulouse-Lautrec poster on the wall, the Billie Holiday albums under the phonograph, the shelf of books that always includes Joyce's *Ulysses*, with its two-year-old bobby-pin bookmark about a third of the way through, and the Modern Library *Sanctuary*, a holdover from her college days when it was all the rage among the freshman girls. Hubert, who has a cozy reputation in Carol's set for his caustic volubility and his *double-entendres*, adds just the right amount of sugar and spice to one of Carol's blue evenings.

CAROL CRIED LAST night because she can't love Paul, the well-heeled young advertising executive who wants to marry her. Like a lot of sharp, eager Gotham men who've paddled in and out of Carol's life in the past few years, Paul was attracted there as much by the amused detachment with which she appeared to regard life, love and sex, as by her shining, cleanly scrubbed good looks. She was not the usual clothes-horse zombie, the flesh-and-blood manikin that many American women, aping Hollywood and the fashion magazines, tried so hard to be. She had a mind, and seemed more interested in

showing it than either her profile or her chest. What also intrigued him was her independence: he thought an affair with her would lack the deadening weight of responsibility that girls with families and family futures presented. Just how wrong he could be soon became apparent to him when he found out what Carol's "problem" really was — but by that time he'd already left his heart on Carol's pillow and his mind in Carol's care.

She had a defiant way of arranging to be out with someone else at the very moment a man in love wanted to talk to her most. And she took a cool delight in shattering all moments of passion by bringing up her "lack of affinity for men." Though she could do these things with a detached air that precluded cruelty, Paul's predecessors had, one by one, left her as they found her, and drifted on to newer Carols with similar problems. But Paul, poor poodle, made the mistake of discovering that he owned a conscience and a heart — even though Carol seemed to want no part of them. What rocked him most, however, was Carol's preference for that mincing little scribbler in whom she confided.

"I know I *ought* to love Paul," Carol told Hubert, the scribbler, over their fourth Scotch-and-soda last night. "I know it would be the best thing in the world for me if I could love Paul and even marry

him, God help me. Don't you think Dr. Pollock would tell me to — if he ever consented to tell me *anything*?"

Dr. Pollock is Carol's analyst. Almost everyone Carol knows (including Hubert) is going, has gone, or is planning to go to one kind of mental healer or another: like the five-thirty cocktail, he's a standard prop in the Uptown Bohemian world. Carol goes twice a week, at fifteen dollars per hour-session — the kind of price that is bound to keep a girl at her typewriter, tapping out that overdue article on "Parties — With and Without Couples" for *Glamour* and wading drearily into that pat newlyweds-meet-a-problem short story for *McCall's*.

"My dear," Hubert answered, making the ice in his glass tinkle, "I don't think Dr. Pollock would be likely to tell you any such thing. I think he'd be much more tempted to suggest that you snap on your bow tie, do your hair in a boyish bob, and *be* what you're afraid you *are*."

"Oh God, Hubert — *no*," Carol moaned, pretending to be engulfed by the idea but actually shivering deliciously in secret over it. "Do I *have* to be one? It's so complicated."

For Carol, it all started at Bennington during the war. There, pretty nearly all the really bright, really artistic girls — the girls who wrote stories or poems, painted pictures, or at least *wanted* to do some-

thing of the sort — decided they had some vague, but terribly smart peculiarity called "lesbian tendencies," and that the only men worth talking to were homosexual. It gave them a rich, goose-pimpling feeling of liberation — the same one that the First World War female generation had gotten out of the thought of rolling its stockings, and petting, and drinking bathtub gin.

Within the hothouse fastnesses of Bennington and Vassar and Mills and Sarah Lawrence, this queer tingle of liberation seemed an original answer to a young lady's most paralyzing problem: how to be "truly" oneself and "truly" creative in the face of such perils as husbands, babies and general domesticity on the one hand, and the depersonalizing threat of mass-market glamor on the other. If you could decide that you were a lesbian, of course, the domestic problem disappeared by itself. And you were challenging men with something a lot more unique and much more personal than a fashion frock or a frozen pose. You had really managed to crawl under the barbed wire that surrounded their camp and challenge them on their own ground at last.

Not that Carol's friends at college — or Carol herself — ever did much more about their thrilling "inclinations" than chatter, shudder, whisper three or four celebrated names they'd heard gossip about, and raise a few eyebrows. But even

such meager titillations really did give them some relief from the overpowering ogre of the faceless, mindless futures which society, one way or the other, seemed to be pushing them into.

It is true that after graduation the great majority of Carol's classmates accepted society's values concerning their maturity and drifted into marriage, or went back to their hometowns where they lost themselves in mediocre jobs a thousand miles removed from the special college world they had created. But the daring few, Carol among them, made the break and came to Manhattan, where they found, in '46 or '48 or '51, two versions of a new, feminine bohemia in the making. In spite of the Dylan Thomas-like poems she had been writing for the past few years, Carol sensed immediately in which version she belonged: the uptown set.

FOR A YEAR she worked as a *Life* researcher, a job she hated, and quit the day she sold an article to a fashion magazine. Now her freelance income has about it a bohemian uncertainty, and her life has taken on a bohemian irregularity. The only difference is that the checks which the men who buy her drinks and dinners pick up have very unbohemian-like totals on them, and the clothes she wears, the apartment she lives in, the weekends she goes off on are hardly the kind of

thing an old-style bohemian can afford. For something has happened to Bohemia since the war: part of it has moved uptown and become *chic*. Aging society matrons mix happily with it at ballet theater openings.

Such professional Park Avenue adolescents as Truman Capote and Theodora Keogh write its literature — precious little novels about apparitions and homosexuals with precious little in them — and psychiatrists and psychoanalysts confess its sins. The chief membership requirement is a jumbo-sized contempt for all the mediocre, machine-made aspects of modern life — from the vacant-eyed glamor girl who stares out from every magazine cover and movie poster, to the stuffy, stodgy, predictable world of business and family. Carol conforms and agrees to the membership requirements, and yet now and then she vaguely hears, in a life that on the surface seems to be a high-powered, lubricated world of fun and freedom, a certain hollow ring.

Strange that Jill Jamison, who was a member of Carol's snobbish little clique of poetry-writing young females at Bennington, should have scorned this new world of Uptown Bohemia, and settled for the old, Downtown one. Strange because while Carol, who aimed at the moneyed bohemia, comes from a mere haberdasher's family in a middle-class Pittsburgh neighborhood,

Jill Jamison was born in Manhasset, Long Island, and her father, though never what you could call "rich," did very well in real estate and belongs to a country club. Jill could belong to a country club too, or live on East 53rd Street like Carol, if she chose. But she prefers her cold-water place on Vandam Street, below Greenwich Village.

Jill is only five-foot-two, an energetic towhead with big blue eyes and a determined mouth. She rented this warehouse loft as casually as if it were a furnished apartment on Sutton Place, and with the help of one or two friends, plunged in and painted it, installed a spaceheater, suspended a couple of bamboo shades from the ceiling to divide the room's 100-foot sweep of space, and settled down to living the life of the *Downtown* Bohemian—a term which designates more a spiritual than a geographic difference in a city where, as the housing shortage continues, a true-blue Greenwich Villager like Jill may have to settle for Yorkville, the Upper West Side, or even the Lower East Side, while an "uptown" girl like Carol may find herself living as far downtown as Brooklyn Heights. Jill has a telephone in her loft, but it seldom rings. Like her friends (two extremely serious abstract painters with beards, a girl who fashions lamps out of old beer bottles and new tin, the arty owner of an arty bookshop on Christopher

Street, and a Negro poet who used to be an office boy at PM), Jill cultivates the casual quality of her life. She scorns a regular job, refuses an allowance from her father—although he does come through now and then in a pinch—and earns money sporadically by working part-time in her friend's bookshop, or typing for a novelist she knows, or baby sitting. She keeps her vision pure, and occasionally even finds time in her casual life to write a casual story or poem, which she sends to the nonpaying literary quarterlies, and usually gets back. Her friends call her up in the middle of the night to ask if they can bring their bottle and come over, they're feeling so fine (she seldom refuses); or she meets them at her Village hangouts, Minetta's Tavern and the San Remo—almost never by appointment, though there's an unspoken agreement that around ten or eleven at night at least some of her group will drop by.

Those "lesbian tendencies" that bother Carol so much no longer bother Jill Jamison at all. She got over them by having an affair with the girl who makes lamps out of bottles and not liking it very much (they're still good friends, however), so that now, although she buys half her clothing at an Army & Navy Store, and has her silky hair chopped short, she accepts her womanhood with resignation. She doesn't really like men very much

either, in spite of the half-dozen half-hearted affairs she's had since the war. What she's after is a way of life: the chance to feel that she's in the avant-garde of the avant-garde, which is very avant-garde indeed, and a long way ahead of Carol.

Jill knows that most of the things Carol lives by are already old hat and really quite "bourgeois" in their acceptability. Kafka is boring rather than profound, Calder's mobiles and Henry Moore's sculpture are tiresome monstrosities, Freudian analysis is passé (even Reich's orgone boxes are beginning to show signs of wear), and anyone who would frame a Toulouse-Lautrec poster and hang it on her wall —! As for Carol's thrilling discovery that there are lesbians and fairies running around loose (which both girls shared in college): Jill merely turns her pretty head away in pity for someone so far behind the times that she doesn't know that *everyone* in the *world* is *bi-sexual* — so what's all the fuss about?

Jill feels there's nothing in America worth staying around for; that the place in which to be is Rome. She'll probably go there to live this year or next, if she can muzzle her pride long enough to ask her father for the money. Or maybe something else will happen to her: maybe she'll tire of her drab surroundings and her erratic, poorly-paid jobs, and move uptown, next door to Carol,

where she'll find work as a publisher's reader or a copy writer, or free-lance like Carol by turning out machine-made short stories and pieces for the big magazines. So many of her friends — painters, dancers, musicians, writers, intellectuals — have already made the move that it has become a commonplace, as routine in the feminine Manhattan bohemian world as the radical-into-Republican switch is for college pinks when they go into business.

TAKEN TOGETHER, Jill and Carol provide the two slightly-contrasting profiles of New York's new woman. What the Gibson Girl was to the turn-of-the-century, the flapper to the twenties, the sallow, serious, hornrimmed intellectual girl to the thirties, Jill and Carol, bohemians, are to the fifties. They may be a minority when weighed against the thousands of young women who merely pound typewriters in offices or wheel baby carriages in Central Park, but their revolt influences every female in America under thirty, makes such costumes as dirndls and ballet slippers and jeans fashionable in spite of what Paris tells American women to wear, coaxes thousands of college girls into thinking, not that a man or a family or even an ordinary career is important, but that only a new way of life, like Carol's or Jill's, is worth having.

Is it? Carol and Jill can't answer, for they haven't taken time out to question it. Their attitude forbids consideration of such a state of mind as "happiness," that outmoded word which has had to give way in their vocabulary to "fulfillment." Yet their search for "fulfillment" has led them into an arid no-man's land where love can't flourish and money all goes to the doctor-confessor. They once thought that the trap of their futures gave them a choice of two poisoned baits: the pose-deadened "dream girl" and the domesticity-dulled work horse. But their flight from one trap led them into another. By playing with the idea of giving up their womanhood and thus escaping its problems, they played right into an analyst's hands.

The story sometimes has a happy ending — one so corny that a few years ago Jill and Carol would have trembled at the thought. But at 28 or 30 or 35, they will probably be swept up by an anxiety that was hovering just beneath the surface of their lives all the time. They'll suddenly want, after all, to get married (just about anyone will do) and take a well-traveled road that less imaginative girls took in the beginning. With luck — and if they wait till they're 35 they'll need luck — they *will* marry, and have children, and disappear, bless them, into the very world of pots and pans and predictables which they took such pains to avoid — never really to solve the problems that their longing to be "themselves" once made so obsessively urgent.



***In the
Mercury's
Opinion***

Eight Senators Are to Be Commended

THERE HAS NOW been time for reflection on a remarkable failure by the United States Senate. On May 3, 1951, the Joint Committee on Armed Services and Foreign Relations of the Senate convened in momentous session. Twenty-six senators assumed the responsibility of investigating the conflicts and confusions which had been brought to a head by the firing of General Douglas MacArthur.

This Joint Committee sat for seven weeks and heard two million words of testimony from the highest military and civilian authorities of the government. In effect, the committee was a tribunal sitting in judgment on the Asiatic policy of the United States from 1944 to 1951 — a policy which has resulted only in disaster and disillusionment.

At the conclusion of this hearing the American people expected — and properly expected — a reasoned majority judgment. The people did not conduct the hearing; the peo-

ple's responsible representatives conducted the hearing; and those twenty-six senators bore the charge, not simply of listening and asking questions, but of rendering a majority report.

What was the purpose of the hearing if it was not to clarify? And how could there be clarification without conclusions? Since the end of the Second War the American people have heard nothing but argument over our defeats in Asia; the Senate, constitutionally, is responsible for review and judgment of foreign policy; yet after seven weeks of testimony no majority report was forthcoming, and it was unofficially announced that a report on which the majority could agree was "impossible."

The truth is this: the majority of the senators could not be persuaded to sign a report supporting the Administration, so they allowed themselves to be persuaded, Pilate-like, not to issue any report at all.

This is an abominable legislative failure. What could be said of the Supreme Court if, on a given issue, only three of the nine justices could agree on an opinion? Representative government depends on our representatives being able, at least, to resolve our disputes into majority and minority judgments. If our senators can no longer discharge this minimum responsibility, then perhaps we are, indeed, approaching the melancholy moment when we must

depend on the decrees of a resolute executive.

That the American people salvaged anything of value from the expensive hearings is due, not to the Democratic majority which washed its hands, but to a minority of eight Republicans. Eight of the twenty-six senators saw their duty and did it: from the mass of caustic and confused testimony they produced a reasoned, carefully-documented judgment, signed their names to it, and submitted it to the Senate and to the nation for guidance.

These eight senators are Styles Bridges, of New Hampshire; Alexander Wiley, of Wisconsin; H. Alexander Smith, of New Jersey; Bourke B. Hickenlooper, of Iowa; William F. Knowland, of California; Harry P. Cain, of Washington; Owen Brewster, of Maine; and Ralph E. Flanders, of Vermont.

Their report, a sober, 104-page document of evidence and conclusions, is available at the Government Printing Office. It deserves a place in the library of every thoughtful citizen.

Here are the principal conclusions in the report:

1. *That Yalta is a great tragedy of American diplomacy.*

The turning point of American foreign policy in the Far East was the Yalta Agreement of February 1945. The Secretary of State has vigorously defended the agreements as being essential to achieve the participation

in the war against Japan. According to witnesses who defended the Yalta Agreement, the Japanese forces were then capable of terrific resistance. It was claimed that it would cost a million Japanese casualties to invade the Japanese islands. It was stated by the Secretary of State that, at the time of Yalta, we did not know whether or not we had an atomic bomb and, therefore, Russian military participation was essential.

Under questioning, it was established that at the time of Yalta the Japanese Navy was at the bottom of the ocean and American airpower had destroyed the Japanese industrial potential. Furthermore, with the economy of Japan dependent on imports, there was absolutely no doubt, from a military point of view, that the Japanese home army would wither on the vine.

The testimony of Admiral Leahy was to the effect that it was not the intention of President Roosevelt to invade the Japanese islands, but rather to bring to bear the might of American naval and air power. Testimony was introduced into the record by Senator Bridges that there was prepared by 50 specialists in Military Intelligence a study evaluating the desirability of Russian participation in the Japanese War and concluding that such participation should be prevented.

The final and overwhelming evidence is that Secretary of War Stimson and General Leslie R. Groves went to President Roosevelt before Yalta and told him that the atom bomb was a certainty and would be ready for use by midsummer of 1945.

Further, a Colonel Considine of the Manhattan Engineering District flew to the island of Malta where he met Secretary of State Stettinius and briefed him immediately prior to Yalta on the certainty of the atom bomb.

This myth, that Russian participation in the Japanese War was a military necessity, has been refuted adequately. History will record that at Yalta the United States repudiated some of its solemn obligations, yielded to Russian imperialism, and gave way to appeasement which will be regretted for decades, and all for mythical reasons. The true reason for Yalta remains an inscrutable mystery. The result of Yalta remains a triumph for Communist diplomacy.

For all thoughtful, objective Americans this should dispel the last doubt about Yalta. Yalta was a sell-out; and when Truman and Acheson try to claim that it was "military necessity," they are being dishonest. Where is the senatorial support for Truman and Acheson on Yalta? The only unanswered question about Yalta is: who was the mastermind who engineered the sell-out? Was it Hiss, who sat between Roosevelt and Stettinius at Yalta? Was it Acheson, who arranged "very friendly private luncheons" for Litvinoff in 1933 and helped make American recognition the first Soviet triumph? Or was it another benefactor of Stalin who hasn't yet been discovered?

2. *The conviction that the Administration's Far East Policy was one of*

appeasement toward Communism has been proved to be a fact.

The Secretary of State testified that it is the "firm and continuing" policy of the United States to support the Nationalist Government of the Republic of China. He stated that this policy of supporting the Nationalist Government and opposing Communism has been pursued by our nation from the outbreak of World War II to the present day.

The evidence before the committee indicates that this policy has been neither firm nor continuous.

Consider an official War Department Publication used to indoctrinate our soldiers. The issue dated April 7, 1945, was entitled "Our Ally China," and here is what our own Government was telling our own soldiers:

"When we speak of the Chinese 'Communist' we should remember that many competent observers say that they stand for something very different from what we ordinarily intend when we use the word 'Communist.' In the first place, unlike Communists of the orthodox type, they believe in the rights of private property and private enterprise. Their chief interest at present is to improve the economic position of Chinese farmers. In the second place, the Chinese 'Communists' are not like those in America, merely a small minority. With the sole exception of the Kuomintang itself, they are easily China's most important single political group.

"The situation is so complex and has such an involved history that it is very difficult for any outsider to say definitely who is right and who

is wrong. Probably some degree of right and wrong attaches to both sides. Some American observers who have visited the 'Communists' agree that their program is a moderate one and that the things they have been doing in their areas are quite in accord with what we think of as a liberal democracy."

American soldiers desiring to obtain more "facts" on our Chinese ally were urged — by our Government — to read a reference book. The book: *The Making of Modern China* by Owen Lattimore.

And consider our "firm and continuing" military support to our Chinese ally.

Early in 1948 three Americans went to north China to see what could be done to stall the Communist advance and place the initiative in the hands of the Nationalist forces. These men were Ambassador Leighton Stuart, ECA Mission Chief Roger Lapham, and Vice Admiral Oscar Badger. They were impressed with the appearance, actions, and spirit of the armies of General Fu Tsu Yi, and immediately after a conference with General Fu a recommendation was sent to our Joint Chiefs of Staff listing specific equipment needed by General Fu. This recommendation was promptly approved in Washington but no action was taken to implement the decision. In November 1948 Admiral Badger received word that a ship was about to enter Tientsin with 10 percent of the recommended equipment on board. He said: "Well, that's pretty bad. It's bad it isn't the full business, but maybe it will have a morale effect."

After the cargo was unloaded, Admiral Badger received a communication from General Fu reporting the deficiencies of the weapons. Of the total number, 480 of the machine guns lacked mounts; Thompson sub-machine guns had no magazines; there were no loading machines for the loading of ammunition belts; and there were only a thousand clips for 2280 light machine guns. General Fu commented to Admiral Badger: "These weapons, for the most part, cannot be used. I do not know why or how they were forwarded in such an incomplete state."

As a result of such "firm and continuing" aid as this, General Fu's plans for an offensive collapsed. His troops became demoralized, and in Admiral Badger's judgment "this was the straw that broke the camel's back."

The myth that the Republic of China fell because Chinese troops refused to fight is again refuted by sworn testimony.

For the thoughtful American, here are some facts: when Truman and Acheson maintain that our government has opposed Communism in Asia, they are not being honest. Read again what our own troops were told by our own government. From 1944 to 1948 it was Russian policy to tell Americans that the Chinese Reds were "liberal, agrarian reformers," so the State Department — even some people in the War Department — parroted this line not only to Americans at home but to our soldiers in the field. Our soldiers

were urged by our own government to read Owen Lattimore. Thereafter, it was Russian policy to tell Americans that our arms were being wasted on reluctant Nationalist soldiers in China; and there were agents in our War Department who sabotaged our arms shipments . . . and more agents in our State Department who shouted the Russian line.

3. *The Administration has sole responsibility for the failure of our Far Eastern policy.*

The Administration and its apologists have sought to create the impression that the failure in China was achieved under bipartisan sponsorship, and that, therefore, all must share responsibility. The record refutes this claim. The argument for bipartisan responsibility is completely devastated by the late Senator Vandenberg who on April 16, 1947, stated on the floor of the Senate: "What the policy of the State Department is I am unable to testify. There is a considerable amount of misunderstanding about the so-called bipartisan foreign policy in this country. I have tried to make that plain on several occasions. It is very narrowly channeled within very specific things, namely, the minor peace treaties in Europe and the activities of the United Nations. I have never been consulted about the Chinese policy or the Pan-American policy or many other policies, so I am not in a position to be an expert witness."

During the campaign of 1952 the Administration will try to hide a

great deal of dust under the rug of "bipartisan foreign policy." The thoughtful American will know, from Senator Vandenberg himself, that this bipartisan policy was largely mythical; that it was "narrowly channeled"; and that not even Vandenberg was ever consulted on China. Needless to add, "bipartisan foreign policy" is now dead — and properly dead.

4. *It is difficult to secure information from an Administration which is determined to keep the facts from the Congress and the people.*

In the course of these hearings numerous important questions were evaded by witnesses who took refuge in such phrases as "I can't remember" or "I'll have to look it up." One of the worst evasions is the story of the "anonymous telegram." Appearing in the transcript is an utterly fantastic tale. Chairman Russell states:

"Mr. Acheson, I at one time was one of the most enthusiastic advocates of this Government doing everything possible to assist Chiang Kai-shek in his struggle with the Chinese Communists. The thing that discouraged me more than anything else was a telegram from the United States Chamber of Commerce in one of the largest cities of China."

Senator Russell continued to say that this telegram was presented in executive session before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations.

Secretary Acheson then testified as follows: "This is a telegram which was sent to us on March 16, 1949, from the Chamber of Commerce of

a city in China. I have asked that the name of the city not be used."

The Secretary clearly states: "This is from the chairman of the American Chamber of Commerce," after which he read the long telegram into the record. It was a bitter indictment of the Nationalist regime, containing such statements as: "Through our support of a decadent and ineffectual Nationalist Government, we have, not without a measure of truth, been accused of being party to the rape and eventual abandonment of the people of China to Communism."

Questioned as to the signatures on the telegram, Mr. Acheson replied: "This was sent from the American Chamber of Commerce in a city, but I don't know whether individuals' names were on it." Yet when Senator Knowland pursued by asking, "Then it is an anonymous telegram?" the Secretary replied: "Well, no, this is a telegram from a consul saying that the American Chamber of Commerce asked him. . . ." To this, Senator Brewster replied: "You mean there is no name at all?" and the Secretary responded: "I do not know."

When asked by Senator Knowland if the telegram might not have been sent by a Communist, the Secretary admitted that, at the time the telegram was sent, the "city" was in Communist hands.

When asked by Chairman Russell the present location of the consul who, according to the Secretary, had sent the telegram, the Secretary responded: "I will have to find that out, sir."

When asked by Senator Smith if the source of the telegram was inves-

tigated by the State Department before it was presented, with such telling effect on Senator Russell, the Secretary replied: "Well, I cannot tell you whether an investigation was made."

These rather embarrassing developments led Senator Russell to again explain that the State Department had presented the telegram in secret session of the Armed Services Committee a year and a half ago; that "it had quite an impact on me."

Now here we have the State Department submitting a telegram which they claim came from the chairman of an American Chamber of Commerce in an undisclosed city which attacks our ally, Chiang Kai-shek.

Without knowing whether the communication is signed or whether indeed it had originated in any Chamber of Commerce, and without conducting any investigation as to the reliability of the informant, the Secretary of State, of his own volition, at a time when our ally needed our support, introduced this anonymous communication into executive testimony, creating such an impact that the chairman of the committee stated: "The thing that discouraged me more in that position [support of Chiang Kai-shek] than any other single thing was a telegram from the United States Chamber of Commerce in one of the largest cities in China."

The only conclusion that we can draw from this story is that the Secretary of State abandoned the use of his critical faculties when it came to evaluating any evidence which supported the Communist viewpoint.

5. *The Constitution of the United States provides that the Congress has the sole power to declare war. If this is now true, how is it that we are involved in a vast war in Korea?*

Although the hearings commenced as an inquiry into the recall of General MacArthur, it was soon apparent that there was an underlying question of great constitutional significance: namely, the right of the Executive to involve this nation in a war without consent of the Congress. In buttressing the position of the Administration, over 150 instances have been cited where the Executive, as Commander in Chief, has used the armed forces without consent of Congress.

House Document no. 127 shows that whenever the President has used the armed forces without the consent of Congress he has done it "as a result of direct aggression upon those forces or in protection of American lives or property."

In the Korean case the Executive ordered large-scale military operations without the consent of Congress . . . and in a case where there had been no direct aggression upon our forces and where neither American lives nor property were in jeopardy.

This is a constitutional question which must be resolved. For the first time in the history of our nation, the constitutional authority of the Congress to declare war has clearly been bypassed.

6. *The foreign policy of the United States since the middle 1940's has been based upon expediency rather than the principles of liberty and justice.*

It has been extremely difficult to determine the full extent of the secret commitments which the Administration has made. These commitments are the basis for a large part of our present foreign policy. The agreements made at Cairo, Teheran, Yalta, Quebec, Potsdam, and elsewhere were largely international executive arrangements drawn without consideration of the treaty-making power of the Senate.

In the past the confirmation and implementation of international commitments has required the advice and consent of the Senate. Treaties were public documents, open to the inspection of any citizen.

Ten years of secrecy has changed all this. Negotiations were affected by the precarious health of someone represented us; decisions were made by irresponsible people. Practices of this character confused our people and left them in ignorance of what had been undertaken in their name. These hearings broke through this

wall of secrecy. For the first time in ten years a Congressional committee has been able to force out enough information to piece together a clear picture of our foreign operations, discouraging though the picture is.

The eight senators who submitted this report to the Senate and to the American people are to be commended. Copies of the complete report can be obtained by writing to any of them.

A Heartening Economy Note

In these days when no one in Washington seems to be interested in saving money, it is heartening to report at least one effort at economy. The State Department has canceled its twenty-four subscriptions to THE AMERICAN MERCURY, and we have made the indicated refund to the taxpayers.

W. B. H.



A STORY

UNCLE BARBAROSSO



Pietro di Donato



WHERE TODAY WILL you find the colorful body of a man such as my Uncle Barbarosso, a horny oak with gray eyes and a great bushy red beard? In the good old times of 1917 in West Hoboken when Uncle rode a white mule over the cobblestones of Central avenue, the section called "The Dardenelles," the Syrians, Turks and Armenians looked up from their water-pipes to behold the fierce red beard of an Italian with a wide brimmed black beaver hat, cloak, corduroy trousers and leather puttees. "Avanti Mazzini!" uncle would roar to his mule; and at Mazzini's feet followed uncle's black-brown-white beagle, Garibaldi.

Uncle Barbarosso was dynamite-man for the Generoso Puzzolenti

Foundation Company Incorporated. Mazzini was a dray mule whose duty was rock haulage after Uncle Barbarosso's expert blastings. Uncle had come to America from Abruzzi under the Padrone system in the early Nineteen-Hundreds and remained a bachelor living in the Puzzolenti company-run boarding house down in adjacent North Bergen between the gas works and the Crematory. It was no secret among the paesanos that Uncle Barbarosso was an Anarchist; and believe me the males of the paesanos would no more have thought of crossing him than if he had been a fiery dragon. Then there was uncle's trusty comrade, "Colonel," a huge antique revolver that he toted, squeezed between his ponderous belly and his wide leather belt.

"And should the police apprise you with that dangerous weapon?" questioned my mother. Uncle Barbarosso's words were not spoken but fired like artillery shells. "The police! I can eat half a dozen of them for breakfast! What 'Colonel' and I could do in a battalion! Boom, boom, boom!" — The rest of the song went on about fine meat, fine flour and fine signorinas. His clothes were always sprinkled with tiny sparkling flakes of rock and smelled acridly of blasting powder; he was a cask of dynamite incarnate, living in an aurora of explosions.

"And who do you think made the precious bomb right here in West Hoboken that sent King Umberto into eternity! Who toys with Red-Beard invites the wrath of a thousand Vesuvios!" On the job Garibaldi did his part; when Uncle lit the fuse Garibaldi's warning bugle sent the workmen to cover; following the blast Garibaldi howled with joy and Mazzini kicked and brayed.

We lived in a rented one-family shack on Jane street opposite Compitello's cobbler shop. On the Fourth of July, at night in our back yard, there was a fireworks show better than down at Scheutzen Park in North Bergen. Uncle Barbarosso made rocket-bombs that hit the stars and went off with ear-shattering detonations that could be heard in Jersey City. Once he trapped a large rat under our grape arbour. He actually fashioned a miniature in-

fernal machine; a small amount of dynamite wired to an old Ingersoll. He named the rat "Capitalism." Uncle drank a gallon of wine in five ticking minutes. The Ingersoll's hand moved to Five and "Capitalism" was neatly blown out of this world.

* * *

IT WAS IN the stirring days of the First World War. Compitello, the short Neapolitan tub of a shoemaker lived across the street. His ninety-year-old grandmother Rosalia sat the day long in front of the shop, chewing sunflower seeds and making circular motions with her hands, muttering in Italian: "The world is a ball." All she could manage in English was to growl at passersby: "The peoples crazy!" And spit to the pavement.

Leonardo Compitello pegged away at his shoes, quaffed wine, and ogled the women. Very well. But when he acquired a second-hand girl's bicycle and fancied himself another Georgetti racing up and down the sidewalks with his siren going, it raised the hackles on Garibaldi. A patriotic parade occupied the street; soldiers, sailors and Boy Scouts carrying an effigy of the Kaiser upside down in an ash barrel marched by. Compitello had to show off with his bicycle and siren. It was too much for Garibaldi; he threw Compitello from his bicycle and tore the seat out of his pants.

Compitello booted Garibaldi so hard that it lamed Garibaldi for life. I ran weeping to Uncle Barbarosso. Uncle charged out of the house, caught Compitello cycling, clouted him off the bike, took the bike in his hands and broke it apart as though it had been made of spaghetti. Compitello turned saffron with fear. Uncle dragged Compitello into our kitchen, banged him to his knees, whipped out "Colonel" and put the immense pistol to his temple.

Garibaldi lay whimpering with a broken leg. The sight of him smote Uncle. He towered over Compitello in executorial rage. Compitello was incoherent, denying that he had touched Garibaldi. "— I am a father of family — have mercy — for charity's sake spare me —" Compitello's wife and children rushed in wailing, beseeching. Mother tugged at Uncle. "Brother! Brother! Do not kill! It is against the law of God and police! Remember the electric chair!" She sent me scampering to fetch the pastor of Saint Rocco's, Padre Onorio. Padre Onorio was a sickly man, plagued with asthma. He wheezingly pleaded with Uncle Barbarosso. Padre Onorio's presence further enraged Uncle. "Enough of weak-kneed sentiment!" he thundered, "Fate shall decide whether this miserable wretch of a cobbler shall be numbered amongst the quick or the dead! I have left one bullet in 'Colonel'!"

My father tried to wrest the gun

from him but he might just as well have tried to dislodge the rock of Gibraltar. Uncle pulled the trigger; the hammer slammed down with a loud empty click. Compitello desperately summoned the Saints; his wife threw herself to the floor in a terrorized tantrum. Padre Onorio could not manage his words, what with a stuttering, gasping, sneezing seizure of asthma. Again "Colonel" spoke and nothing happened. "Assassin!" screeched Compitello's woman. Uncle Barbarosso held Compitello by the hair. To all appearances Compitello was a dead man with his eyes blinking. "Colonel" had five chambers. Uncle vowed he'd pull the trigger four times.

Mother could stand it no longer; she grabbed Uncle's gun-hand and bit it. Uncle flinched but quickly pulled the trigger twice more. He reluctantly removed the gun from Compitello's head. "Cursed Neapolitan! Fate decided against a grave for you!" He shoved a stick of dynamite under the cobbler's nose. "Now choke with every breath for I may yet blow you and your house into infinitesimal meatballs!" Compitello fainted.

* * *

MOTHER AND PADRE ONORIO were truly concerned about the state of Uncle's soul. "There are two things," said Padre Onorio, "Heaven and hell. There are two things; in order they are: Perpetual Bliss or

eternal physical damnation in sulphur and fire. — And it is for thee to choose, oh Barbarosso. — There are two things: The Almighty who created the world and his nemesis Lucifer who seeks to destroy the world. Barbarosso, repent before it is too late.”

Uncle clapped Padre Onorio’s spindly back. “And thee, hast seen this Lucifer?” “Yes,” answered Padre Onorio candidly, “He stood at the foot of my bed, tall, with blonde hair and green eyes. Said I to him: ‘Thou art the cause of evil and the root of sorrow. Depart into hell ere I lose my patience!’” Uncle guffawed until his sides pained him.

Not long afterwards on a Sunday following Halloween, Padre Onorio triumphantly related to mother, uncle and the paesanos, Lucifer had visited him again in the obscurity of his bedroom and openly scoffed at him.

“Small and sickly am I but God directed my arm, withal I sent the heavy private crock to his wicked dome; thus did I make him bark and flee!” Alone with mother, uncle revealed his prank; he had bought a Satanic Halloween mask, sneaked into the rectory and tried to scare the wits out of Padre Onorio. He made mother finger the egg on his head.

There was big excitement in West Hoboken one windy winter’s day; all afternoon in public school number five we could hear a distant roll-

ing rumbling. It was the Black Tom explosions in Kingsland. We kids breathlessly rumored that maybe the Huns had come. Uncle Barbarosso enthusiastically suggested a trip to Kingsland.

He, father, a party of paesanos and myself took off in Gigi Molino’s Stanley Steamer. The men were reinforced with a basket of hot sausage sandwiches and a couple of gallons of wine. A few miles from Kingsland we were stopped by the military police. We joined the droves of spectators searching for cannon shells. The police waited until the spectators began to leave the shell-stricken area and then sternly relieved them of the dangerous souvenirs. Uncle Barbarosso was one of the few who came off with an intact shell. On the way home he bellowed: “Leave it to an old campaigner to trick those green soldiers!” Mother made father throw the shell into the Hudson river that very night.

Garibaldi had always seemed a pup, but he had traipsed with uncle for some fifteen years. That winter he failed rapidly. He had cataracts in both eyes. It got so that he could hardly see or walk. His days with uncle on the job were over. He lay aching by the kitchen stove day in and day out. We knew something had to be done about him, and everyone could see that Uncle Barbarosso was brooding over Garibaldi. Without Garibaldi by his side uncle declined also. How to end Garibaldi’s

misery? And when and where? "No," said uncle, "not by villianous poison, drug nor pistol bullet; Garibaldi shall leave this world like a brave warrior on the field, in a glorious blast!"

Out of one of mother's old corsets he designed a broad belt of destruction for the beloved Beagle with pockets in it to contain sticks of dynamite. But he daily put off having to use it. The burden had begun to tell on uncle. It softened him. Gone was his house-shaking laughter and blasphemous tirades against society and religion. Mazzini the mule, tethered to the fence outside the house, would bray for his little companion. Garibaldi would raise his fevered head and cast about with his blinded eyes — perhaps wondering why daylight never came. Uncle Barbarosso would blow his nose and sigh.

* * *

THE COMPITELLOS, who had kept severely to themselves in their dread of Uncle Barbarosso, had their own troubles. A few nights before Christmas the ageless grandmother died.

Father had gotten work in Baltimore on a project of building soldiers' barracks and it did not look as though he would be able to be with us on Christmas eve what with all the good-paying overtime to be had.

"Brother," said mother to uncle, "here in the America the joy for

children on Christmas eve is to be visited by one 'Santa Claus.' Will thee not let me dress thee as Santa Claus? The tiny ones will not know it is their Uncle Barbarosso."

The day before Christmas saw the streets thick with snow and the temperature below freezing. We did not know whether father would come home but nevertheless the festive preparations were on; mother had invited some dozen paesanos to share the midnight eels, squid, snails and fried dough. After she put my smaller Santa-believing brothers and sisters to bed she began to transform uncle. Out of red flannel she had made a passable Santa suit, and with handsfull of baking flour she whitened his hair and beard.

This was to be our first real American Christmas; a tree, candles, decorations and the presence of Santa — except that Santa would have to talk to the kids in the Abruzzean dialect. Upon my instructions mother schooled uncle in the lore of reindeer and life at the North Pole. It was nearing midnight when Padre Onorio arrived. He was shivering in his thin shiny black coat. "Bless me," he stuttered, "but outside the air is more brutal than debt." Seeing uncle made up as Santa he remarked with a kindly smile: "Heaven itself would veritably accept thee for dear old Saint Nicholas." He warmed himself at the coal stove and then went to the window. The lights showed dimly through the drawn

shades of the Compitello house.

He sighed: "There is a time for all things; in this night of gentle rejoicing there is woe across the way." Mother was frying long doughy crullers and dipping them in honey. "Ah, if my man would be with us this Natal eve." The priest raised his brows. "You may yet have a pleasant surprise." Mother pressed him as to his meaning, but he would not let on that he knew of father's plans. "When do I enact this romance of 'Sondy Gloss'?" enquired uncle. "Patience," answered mother, "after Padre Onorio returns from consoling the bereaved Compitellos." "At that," added Padre Onorio, "I can stay but a scant while, for Mass awaits me at Saint Rocco."

The paesanos were anxious to eat. Mother poured the wine and passed around the crullers and smoked eels. Garibaldi lying dormant under the stove had been all but forgotten. Suddenly he began to have awful convulsions. Uncle Barbarosso pulled him from beneath the stove. "It displeases me to say it," said one of the paesanos, "the General is in the ultimate agonies."

Uncle nodded sadly. Garibaldi's sightless eyes bulged and his legs stiffened; from his throat came unearthly sounds. Uncle put him down on the floor. He said resolutely: "I must not let him suffer any longer. I have the dynamite hidden in the woodshed . . . and I did so want to play Sondy Gloss for Garibaldi

also . . ." He went outside for the dynamite. Mother said to Padre Onorio worriedly: "Would that this poor beast died right here and now — I do not like this business of dynamite." The paesanos were aghast when uncle put six sticks of dynamite into the hot oven. He shook his head reassuringly. "The dynamite is frozen. Thawing will make it usable." Garibaldi moaned ominously.

Padre Onorio sweated and sat with tightly clasped hands until uncle removed the dynamite from the oven. Uncle fastened mother's corset onto Garibaldi, inserted the dynamite into the pockets and attached the fuses. He carefully wrapped the dog's rug about him. Tears fell down uncle's face. It was the first time I had ever seen him weep.

"Padre Onorio," he sniffed, "think me not disrespectful, but wilt thou tender my little friend some small common blessing?" Padre Onorio complied. "It must be kept recorded in mind and soul that all things, absenting none, are created of the Lord."

Padre Onorio accompanied uncle out into the snow-laden night; as they left, the paesanos waved heartfelt farewell to Garibaldi. They were touched by the old Beagle's trial, but in a few minutes were contenting themselves with fried Calamar and pickled schungilli. Padre Onorio and uncle paused by a snowdrift. "Padre, do you think I shall ever see

Garibaldi again?" Padre Onorio looked up at the stars. He put his hand on uncle's shoulder. "All manner of love shall be reunited." They parted; Padre Onorio entering the Compitello house, and uncle carrying the seemingly dead dog through the alley and out into the public lot behind the Compitello house.

* * *

WE HEARD MUSIC. Mother asked me to see if the children had gotten out of bed and were monkeying with the phonograph in the parlor. Aunt Hairy-face bolted up. "'Tis the music of caroleers outside the house!" We flocked to the front windows.

Sure enough, there were father, Gigi Molino and other paesanos dressed in outlandish old world Italian costumes singing and playing; Gigi Molino with a goat-skin bagpipe, Dominick Ceci-nose with an accordion, and father strumming a guitar. Father had grown a full black mustache while he was away in Baltimore; he had a bandanna about his head and was wearing large earrings. Some of the men held torches. We were having an Italian and an American Christmas all in one!

Uncle proceeded with his moribund duty. He piled up a mound of snow, scooped out a tunnel and placed Garibaldi in it. He kissed Garibaldi. The tears froze in his beard. "This will not hurt thee faithful friend. Addio . . ." He lit the

fuse and sealed the tunnel with snow. Finito, the career of a good creature who was all but human and Christian . . . it would be over in seconds. Uncle headed for the alley. The snow would muffle the blast. The world would go on without Garibaldi. And uncle knew he would never be the same man. In the eyes of Garibaldi there had been no one to exceed Barbarosso.

He was shocked out of his reverie by a familiar baying, the curdling melancholy bugling of Garibaldi. He turned. Coming like a ghostly four-legged wind in a halo of swishing spluttering fuses was Garibaldi! Pimples of fright set uncle Barbarosso in motion. He yelled and ran for the alley.

One of the Compitello children opened the rear door and looked out. Seeing uncle the kid shouted: "Hooray! Here comes Santa Claus!" Garibaldi flew over the snow and was at uncle's heels. Uncle dashed up the stoop, ran over the kid, ran through the kitchen, bedroom and into the parlor, bowling over the amazed mourners — was it decent for Santa Claus to come smashing into a funeral? Grandma Compitello lay grimly in her coffin. Padre was intoning the Latin Rest in Peace. They had barely turned to discern the commotion when uncle whirled in, caught Padre Onorio by his collar and yanked him out the front door.

Before the Compitellos had time

to notice Garibaldi there was a booming blast and they were catapulted into the icy night. The Compitello house disappeared from Jane street; only the squat foundation and naked plumbing fixtures remaining. Uncle Barbarosso and Padre Onorio were hurled through a snow bank and emerged as two snow-men. There was a suspended lull for a moment as though Jane street were floating in moon space. Grandma Compitello's corpse had been blown out of the coffin and landed in a tree-top. Glass from broken windows on the block tinkled. Then there burst an asylum of cries from the Compitello people. Neighbors in nightshirts tumbled into the street screaming: "Another Black Tom!" "Air raid!" "Run for your lives!" Father, uncle, Padre Onorio and the paesanos fought to enter our house all at once. "What has happened?" hollered my father, "Has the end of the world come?"

Gigi Molino scrambled to his Stanley Steamer. In his haste to get away he pulled the wrong lever and the car's steam boiler exploded. The hysterical neighbors were then positive the Germans had arrived. Like magic the police and militia appeared. Within the house Uncle Barbarosso tremblingly proclaimed: "The love of Garibaldi has brought catastrophe upon our heads!" My kid brothers and sisters awoke and bawled for Santa and their toys. The street was filled with horse-drawn

fire-wagons, ambulances and armed soldiers. The front door was forced. Soldiers and policemen led by Compitello rushed in.

Compitello's clothes had been blown off of him; in his long underwear and smoke-smudged face he jumped up and down, pointing at Uncle Barbarosso and frothing: "Sondy Gloss — him no Sondy Gloss! Him anarchist assassin! — him bomb-a my house-a and-a kill-a everybody! — *assasini!*"

Uncle, father, and all the male paesanos were manacled, shoved into the Black Maria and hustled off to the jail in the basement of Town Hall. The pictures in the newspapers the next morning! — Compitello looking like a minstrel blackface in his long underwear, uncle dressed as Santa and handcuffed to my bewildered father with his Italian mountaineer's outfit! "Dastardly Anarchist Plot Misfires" "Bombing Suspects" — and what not!

The police found uncle's pistol on him; the truth? — "Colonel" was a worthless hunk of iron that hadn't seen action and bullet in half a century. But they did uncover uncle's person plastered with Holy medals and Scapulars — an embarrassing revelation of the fearful nonconformist and "Atheist." For us kids it was thrilling to visit father and uncle in jail and see their pictures and our name in the papers. The other kids on the block were envious.

The police had quite a time mak-

ing head or tail as none of the defendants could speak English. Aside from fractures, bruises, and their house gone the Compitellos were none the worse. The Neapolitans themselves will tell you they are a hardy lot. Padre Onorio was our Savior. He convinced the authorities as to the unwitting facts. The culprits were released with much scarey scolding and the understanding that they rebuild the Compitello house. From the jail we formed a pilgrimage to Saint Rocco's where we all lit candles and Padre Onorio said a Mass of thanksgiving.

You can still see Compitello's new house and shop on Jane street — the paesanos threw it up in one week; a veritable masterpiece of brick with fancy panels under the sills and arches over the windows. Like father ruefully said after it was completed: "America was made for the damned Neapolitans!"

Generoso Puzzolenti discharged Uncle Barbarosso. For that matter uncle was no longer interested in dynamite anyway. Padre Onorio delicately offered uncle the place of sacristan at Saint Rocco's. Uncle tearfully accepted. Our family was proud to know that each Sunday morning it was Uncle Barbarosso tolling the bells and calling our people to Mass. And who do you think solemnly passed the collection plate?

AS THE YEARS went peacefully by Uncle Barbarosso grew fatter and whiter and Padre Onorio thinner and more shriveled. On sunny days you could see the two of them saying their beads on the walk in front of the church, or playing cards in the garden behind the church.

Of course, it pleased some of the old die-hard paesanos (over their wine) to tell you in secret and sotto voce that at one time uncle Red-Beard had been the last of the great bloodthirsty free-thinking romantic anarchists, the like this modern world will never see again.

Of a Christmas Eve mother said: "Brother it is a sin the children have outgrown their Santa Claus belief; with thy hoary beard and locks we would not need to powder thee with flour . . ." "And thee, Padre," she slyly asked, "has thy ancient adversary Satan let off molesting thee?"

At the mention of Satan Uncle Barbarosso shuddered and made the sign of the Cross. Padre Onorio laid his hand affectionately upon uncle's knee. "In my youth at the Seminary I had been rated a fair Bocci player; the night thou acted the devil with thy mask in my bedchamber — believe me and forgive me little uncle, but it surprised even me when I wonderfully rang thy noggin with the crock."

We laughed until we cried.

A talk with George Santayana

Philosopher in a Convent

MAX EASTMAN

THERE ARE MANY unRoman things in Rome. One of them is a group of pious Irish girls in pale azure hoods who run a high-walled institution not far from the Coliseum called "the Convent of the Blue Nuns." Within this convent a still more un-Roman thing is George Santayana, American philosopher and ex-professor at Harvard, now 89 years old, dressed in loose flannel pajamas, bedroom slippers and a worn brown bathrobe.

Although he is rich enough to buy a chateau, Santayana's home for nine years has been a bedroom without a private bath. A shirred screen made of pale flowered print hides his bed and wash-stand. The screen is low enough to reveal a crucifix hanging above the bed. The rest of his life-equipment is mostly a desk, a chaise-longue, a few chairs, and a litter of books. Two high windows look down over lawns to a street where defending and attacking armies marched in and out of Rome during the great war. They didn't disturb Santayana much. He reads the papers and advanced magazines and keeps youthfully up-to-date on what is happen-

ing, but he isn't overly concerned.

He went through an inward revolution at about the age of twenty-six, a retreat into the world of ideas, a "surrender of all earthly demands and attachments," which he compares to a religious conversion. Within a brief time his father died, his adored sister Susanna married, he learned of the death of a boyhood friend whom he had loved as a "younger brother . . . a part of myself," and he found himself "harnessed for life like a beast of burden." That is, he found himself teaching philosophy at Harvard. All these sorrows, combining with his temperamental distaste for physical existence, caused a separation of the inner self from the outer which, he says, "rendered external things comparatively indifferent." They still are comparatively indifferent, though not absolutely so.

I am a poor sitter-at-the-feet of great men, and felt rather out of character as I approached the big door of the convent. But I had so much in my head about Santayana that it seemed a pity to miss my one

chance to look into his eyes. If the reader has patience — and if he has not, what is the use bothering about a philosopher? — I will give him a little sketch of what I had in my head as I approached that door. . . .

I first met Santayana in a book, just after my graduation from college. He was over forty then, and had stopped writing poetry which nobody read, to set down a few thoughts *about* poetry — and about religion and love. His thoughts were crystal clear, and more beautifully written than any new thing I had seen. But like so many clear things, they were a little cold. His ideal of love was never to attain or even touch the beloved; better indeed if the beloved, like Dante's Beatrice, has died and exists only in idea. Poetry, too, in his book, was not a celebration of life's real and solid values, but a momentary and rather precarious "harmony in the soul" attained in defiance of a general scene of "stagnation and conflict."

As I was then engaged on my own book, *Enjoyment of Poetry*, which makes an enthusiasm for real experience primary in the very definition of this art, I did not nestle down in his *Poetry and Religion*. But I was taken prisoner by its beauty of style; I escaped with an effort. Since then Santayana has published twenty-nine books, and he has taken a great many people prisoner with his beauty of style. Some of the books

bear such titles as *The Realm of Essence*, *The Realm of Matter*, *The Realm of Spirit*. Needless to say, they are highbrow books, and contain what may truly be called a "system of philosophy." Our American intelligentsia has been rather overawed by this philosophy. The number of people, even very learned ones, who would venture to tell you just what it consists of, is small indeed. There is universal agreement on one point only; that it is beautifully written. And since that places Santayana alone with Plato, Hobbes, Schopenhauer, and very few others, a certain amount of awe would seem to be his due.

Nevertheless it has seemed to me that a little irreverence would help in understanding Santayana — irreverence toward philosophy, I mean. I don't think systems of philosophy, except as intellectual adventures, sublime works of art, are worthy of a serious (or humorous) man's obeisance. Our knowledge of the world is particular and piecemeal and will continue so forever. Attempts to bind it into a general whole require loops and dodges in the mind's procedure that, brought into plain view, can only be described as foxy. Therefore I have not entered wholeheartedly into any of those Realms of Being that Santayana fences off. The word itself is a blandishment; there are no realms, except as dying echoes of the kingdom of heaven and the kingdoms of this world.

Omitting those echoes, however, I have found his teaching both simple and sensible. He agrees with Democritus and the Marxists that the dynamic principle in whatever exists is matter; but he notes that matter produces spirits and that spirits have ideals. The way to happiness for each spirit is to pursue the ideal that is appropriate to his individual nature. He stresses the distinction between serene happiness and a mere succession of pleasures, and regards himself as a highly moral philosopher. Indeed his books are full of the word moral. Aside from matter, morals seem to be the one irreducibly opaque and unbubblelike thing in Santayana's world. John Dewey, writing of his earlier work on *The Life of Reason*, described it as "the most adequate contribution America has made, always excepting Emerson, to moral philosophy." To me it has been a question whether one so cut loose from the demands and attachments of this earth could teach — and much less exemplify — anything to be called morals. . . .

WITH THIS SOLEMN headful of thoughts I passed through the old vine-covered walls, and approached the great dome of the convent. I supposed that I would have a hard time getting in. A genius of detached meditation must have to protect himself against curious intruders. The Blue Nun surprised me when she said with a casual gesture:

"Down the long corridor, the last door on the right."

The door was open and the great man sitting at his table translating a Latin poem. He got up with lively courtesy as I entered. I mentioned my name and reminded him of our correspondence, which, although not extensive, had been a considerable episode in my life.

"You must forgive me, I have no memory for recent things," he said, "but I'm very glad to see you."

His smile was almost a laugh, and we sat down and plunged into a conversation which could not have been more friendly if he had remembered me well. It was about poetry and religion, at first. We differ less about poetry than I had thought in the early days. I was able to remind him of a letter in which he said (speaking of my book, *The Literary Mind*): "I agree with the gist of your definition of poetry. . . . I agree also that aesthetic feeling involves the inhibition of action and transitive intelligence." I had this by heart because I had recently waved it in the face of a professor of Aesthetics who tried to quote Santayana *against* my view of poetry and art. Santayana really makes more of that inhibition of action than I do, for to him it is a dive off the deep end of existence into the Realm of Essence. I think of it only as a damming of the stream of experience, a "trance of realization," almost better anchored than science

to the existing world.

About religion we had more to say because we disagreed. Although a materialist, Santayana considers himself devout and worshipful. He loves the rites and ceremonies of the Catholic church. He loves its dogmas, knows them to the last detail, and dwells on them with unreserved emotion. But he does not think they are true. He thinks they express in a symbolic way ideals that are needful to spirits in finding their way through a material world.

"The churchly ideas have no authority," he said. "Lately I've been making much of that word authority. Only material facts — at bottom only the facts of physical science — have authority."

I remarked that it seemed a little old maidish to me to perform solemn rites, and bask in adult emotions, concerning events you do not think happened and persons you consider unreal.

"It is like playing at life with paper dolls," I said.

"That's because you were brought up a Protestant," he answered. "You can't sense the tradition that hallows those legends and gestures. As a boy in Spain, I grew up among them. The world I grew up in was a Catholic world."

He seemed content to leave me out of that world; there was no effort to open a door. And I was content to stay out. I do not think going through the motions of religion with-

out genuine belief is a peculiarly Catholic phenomenon — or even a peculiar phenomenon. The peculiar thing about Santayana is his candid confession, or rather bold celebration, of it. He makes a sincerity of being insincere. He is devout with no object of devotion. He is religious without any religion.

"I wonder how the Blue Nuns like this kind of religiousness," I said, and he laughed, not ironically.

"They pray for me," he said, enlarging his eyes. "I asked them only please not to pray that when I die I go to heaven. Send me rather into limbo where I can enjoy a little conversation with my friends. That I really think they understood."

Santayana has a great deal of fun out of life, in spite of — or is it because of? — his detachment from it. Sometimes the high theologians of the Vatican come in and try to convert him to an existential belief in these dogmas that he loves. In the heat of the discussion one of them quoted a passage from St. Thomas Aquinas. When he had finished Santayana said:

"While you are using that argument you might just as well get it right," and gave him back his quotation, corrected — and in Latin!

He vastly surprised me with his taste for fun. Not that his books lack humor of a subtle kind. I think his comment on Kant's ethics, for instance, would provoke a smile even in a German professor:

"The 'categorical imperative' was a shadow of the Ten Commandments; the postulates of practical reason were the minimal tenets of the most abstract Protestantism. These fossils, found unaccountably imbedded in the old man's mind, he regarded as the evidences of an inward but supernatural revelation."

No, it was not his books, but again a letter from him that led me to expect a rather austere solemnity in Santayana. I couldn't quote that letter; I could only remember how it had surprised me. But I can quote it now, and it surprises me still more, since I have the image of him in my mind. It was a comment on my theory of wit and humor as expounded in *Enjoyment of Laughter*, and it began with the remark that he couldn't understand a word of the book!

"I can understand *your own* words, and no doubt I should see a part, at least, of your reasons for making the distinctions you make in the kinds of the comic. My difficulty is with the comic universe itself. *There* is where everything eludes me in so far as it is supposed to be *comic* and in so far as this comic is supposed to be a part of the *good*. All these jokes seem rather ghastly. And the *enjoyment of laughter*, rather than a painful twist and a bit of heart-ache at having to laugh at all, being your whole subject, I say I don't understand a word of your book. . . ."

Can you wonder that I was surprised to find him possessed of a merry laugh that took charge of his whole face, and was ready to go into action at the most trivial provocation? I expressed my surprise and he answered:

"Don't you know I'm a follower of Democritus, the 'laughing philosopher'? A good many of my friends think I laugh too much. They think I'm a little silly. But I think laughter is very important. It's one of the two things I demand of a friend — the ability to laugh and the ability to worship."

I left the subject there, for I did not like to try to remind him either of his letters or my books. But I must say it puzzled me, and does still.

"I wonder what a materialist can mean by worship," I said.

"I mean adoration of the ideal, of something beyond and apart from yourself."

In that quick easeful way he answered every question I asked. I never knew a man whose thoughts flowed out of him so like a liquid — nothing stiff or contained, no guards up against inconsistency or misunderstanding. It comes out of him that way, and couldn't come any other. In his books you sometimes feel this as a fault. You say to yourself: "This man writes too damn well!" But in conversation it is a pure delight and makes him winning at the first encounter, and if you keep on going to see him, lovable.

He has one disproportionately long canine tooth that might belong to a devil. And his eyes are a bit demonic, the irises black as obsidian and so placed that, when he is alert, you can see the whites all the way round. They are Bob Hope eyes, only serious. But the attention they express is warm and genuine, and you feel in the end that there is something childlike rather than satanic in the way they startle you.

To tell the truth — and one I have never seen hinted at in my reading about him — I came away from my five or six visits to Santayana with a feeling of affection such as one might have toward a very young and unsophisticated person: beautiful-mannered and miraculously endowed and yet naively trustful and simple. In his attitude to his philosophy, especially, he reminded me of a child who has built a wonderful castle out of blocks. He knows where each block belongs, and if you ask

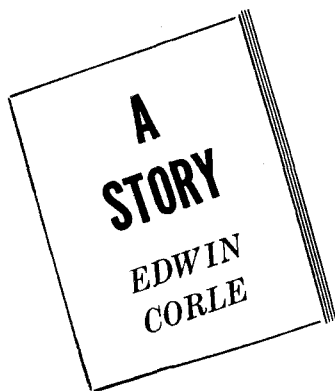
him a question, he will lead you around and show you just where it is, and how perfectly it fits in. There is even a block called doubt, but it occupies a carefully appointed place. About the structure as a whole, its equilibrium and validity, he has a confidence that some critics have found unpleasantly dogmatic. I found it entirely captivating. Who wouldn't be cocksure when he had erected such an elaborate edifice and made it stand up!

Santayana came very near to being an architect, he tells us in his memoirs. Together with churchly fables, architecture was the grand preoccupation of his boyhood. And I think that explains a good deal about his system of philosophy with its spacious and its mutually re-echoing Realms of Being. . . . But of his life-story, and its relation to his philosophy, and to our conversation, I will speak in another essay.

--- Our Writers in This Issue ---

PAT McCARRAN, Democratic United States Senator from Nevada, is chairman of the important Senate committee on the Judiciary and its young subcommittee on Internal Security. The hearings of the latter on the Institute of Pacific Relations and American Far Eastern policy have aroused national discussion and controversy . . . ROBERT LOWRY, young novelist and critic, is the author of *Casualty*, *The Wolf That Fed Us*, *Find Me In Fire* and *The Big Cage* . . . PIETRO DI DONATO is the famed author of *Christ in Concrete*, a novel which enjoyed an explosive success upon its appearance some years ago . . . SERGE FLIEGERS began his journalistic career as Washington correspondent for Reuters. At present he is the editor of the Inter-Continental Press, a news-gathering organization which covers the UN and the U.S. for newspapers abroad . . . LEON PEARSON became a Washington newsman, after teaching at Haverford College, as helper to his brother, Drew. He was a former Paris bureau chief for International News Service, has made two news trips to Moscow, and has become well-known as a broadcaster for NBC . . . BOB PATTERSON worked for United Press and then became a columnist for the *San Francisco Examiner*. At present he is writing whodunit shows for CBS-TV, and is working on a novel about Shanghai . . . LEN ZINBERG has written four novels and has contributed stories to the *New Yorker*, *Esquire* and other magazines. During the war he was a staff member of YANK . . . LEE MORTIMER co-authored (with Jack Lait) the sensationally successful *Washington Confidential* and other widely-read unorthodox guides to New York and Chicago . . . IRWIN ROSS, well-known writer for many national magazines and astute young political analyst, is author of *Strategy for Liberals* . . . JOHN S. WORLEY is Professor Emeritus of Transportation Engineering, University of Michigan. He is one of the country's leading authorities on highways . . . MAX EASTMAN's recent pieces for *The Mercury* have included *Can Truman Be Educated?* and new appraisals of Buddha and Plato . . . EDWIN CORLE lives on a ranch in California and has produced a number of novels, most recently *Three Ways to Mecca*. This is his first appearance in the Mercury.

PATRON OF THE ARTS



THE ELDERLY MAN sat musing alone in his little den of a room in an old Los Angeles house which had been fashionable fifty years ago, a house in which he lived in constant strife with his younger brother who was seventy-six and his sister who was seventy-four and one decrepit servant. He sat frowning with thought, unaware of his surroundings, unaware of papers and mail order catalogues cluttering his old-fashioned desk, unaware of advertisements and book club novels and half answered correspondence about nothing of any consequence — letters to people back east who were important in his life forty or fifty years ago and who were vague and

nostalgic figures today — sat musing over the fact that the night before he had gone to hear a fourth rate opera company present his favorite opera, *Faust*, and that the second act curtain hadn't gone up because the management had not paid the stage hands, and had made a belated appeal to a rich and tasteless audience and that nobody had responded and in the excitement of the moment *he* had stood up and said *he* would pay off the stage hands' bill of \$116.93 so the opera could go on, and was thereby hustled back stage and had a blank check thrust upon him which he accordingly made out and had his picture taken and had Mephistopheles shake his hand and Faust

pat him on the back and the lovely little Marguerite give him a peck on the cheek and tell him three times over that *she* wanted to sing in Mexico City if she could only find somebody to finance her, and then he was hustled back to his seat and the audience was asked by the management to give *him* a hand and they did and then the opera went on.

And he really liked it very much and thought it was the most touching *Faust* he had *ever* seen, even though the next day the morning papers all roasted it but wrote *him* up with praise that was real praise all right, but somehow the kind of praise that a fool gets who jumps in where angels fear to tread; and his brother and his sister and the decrepit servant all thought he was daffy for throwing away \$116.93 to a lot of dirty stage hands and said so, and it made him furious because after the excitement of it had subsided he was afraid they might be right. By some freak of chance he *might* really be a big fool and might never get the \$116.93 back, and just be stuck for it by a double-crossing manager who was in league with the stage hands all the time.

And that photo in the morning paper was anything but flattering because it made him look as old as a man of ninety and he was nowhere near that for *he* was only seventy-nine and wouldn't be eighty for almost two months yet and really looked a lot younger than that photo

which some fresh newspaper squirt took just when he wasn't expecting it.

But even at that it was nice to have your picture in the paper and have everybody know that you were an art lover and probably a rich sponsor of the fine things in life — only, of course, he *needed* that \$116.93 a lot more than a crew of dirty stage hands did because now he would be without funds until he got his next retirement check (Why did his daughter always call it a pension? Drat her! Pension, indeed — retirement check) and that wouldn't be until after Christmas and he wouldn't have a cent to spend for Christmas and not even a cent to pay all the bills that were due and all those that would accumulate and so perhaps that had been just a little bit foolish and if it had been he wondered why he did it because it wasn't like him to do anything foolish.

But what's done is done, and besides there was his picture in the newspapers for everybody to see — but the bad part of that was that his daughter who lived across town would be sure to see it took or that husband of hers would smell it out and say, "Now see what a fathead your father has been *this* time," and damn it, he *wasn't really* a fathead because the papers said "Opera Lover Wins Praise" — only the boobs got his initials wrong (why can't they get anything right these days? Look at the mistakes in Wash-

ington! What's this government coming to?) but no matter, either his daughter or that son-in-law would be sure to see it and *she* would come racing over here simply wild with fury over his rash expenditure and she would say things and he would say things and they would have a *scene* and his heart wouldn't stand it and she would never understand that he *wasn't* a big fool and that he *might* get the money back some day, maybe.

She would raise plain hell, and he would give her some hell right back and try to remember all the times *she* had wasted money and thrown money away with *her* damn foolishness and God knows he'd seen plenty of that in his time for she didn't even know what money meant and she had no sense about money and never would have and — (a car was stopping . . . was that his daughter?) — well, he'd get mad first before she had a chance. He'd tell her about a fifty dollar camera she lost once and about the time he gave her money for a new hat and she bought it and left it in the taxi-cab twenty minutes later and they never *could* find it because of course the taxi driver gave it to his own wife — he'd tell her all those things so fast that — (no, that wasn't his daughter after all. It was just the man to collect for the *Times*, and he could hear the decrepit servant closing the door again) — he'd tell her about the time she lost a ring on the sand in Atlantic City

and what would she say to that? He'd tell her about the time she borrowed his copy of *Forever Amber* and then swore she had never borrowed it and the book was missing for weeks — no — no, he couldn't tell her that because later on he found it himself in his desk drawer where he had hidden it out of plain cussedness so his sister couldn't read it when she was anxious to — no, he wouldn't mention that. But there were a *dozen* things he *could* mention to prove to his daughter that she was a bigger fool than he ever was or ever had been or ever would be in spite of Gounod and *Faust* and stage hands and anything else.

A CAR HAD stopped and feet were coming up the wooden steps. The bell rang and then silence. He gripped the arms of the chair. It might not be his daughter; it might be somebody else. He'd hum something.

*There was a king in Thule,
True even to the grave;
To whom his dying mistress
A golden beaker gave.*

No, damn it, that was from *Faust*. He'd just sit still and stare her down. That camera. That hat in the taxi-cab. *Forever Amber*. The ring at Atlantic City. By God, she couldn't accuse *him* of anything and get away with it and he'd tell *her* what he —

She walked into his room.

"Darling!" she cried, and she came up to him and gave him a kiss.

"Oh — it's you," he said.

"Now, darling, I only have a minute and I stopped in on my way down town. I just wanted to see how you were and you mustn't be cross if I have to run away."

"No — no — go ahead," he croaked.

"But you always get so cross if I don't spend the whole afternoon with you. You always scold so and say that I never want to stay with you."

"All right — all right," he said. (Could it be she hadn't seen the morning paper?) "Go along if you have to. I know you're busy." And he ended lamely with a "H'rumph" and began to search his coat pocket for a cigar.

She was looking in his dressing mirror and adjusting her hair beneath her hat.

It's a cute little hat, he was thinking — like the one that got left in the taxi.

"What's new?" she asked, still looking in the mirror.

"Oh, nothing. Not a thing. Feeling fine. Never felt better."

She turned and patted him.

"You're a funny one," she said, laughing.

"What do you mean?" he challenged. (Was she leading up to it? Why didn't she come out with it?)

"Because you're better than you've ever been in your life."

"Feel just like a fighting cock," he said sharply. He was about to add, "How's George?" but caught himself in time.

"I had a letter from Emily," she said.

"Oh? How's Emily?" he asked with rare interest.

"She's fine. She sent her love to you."

"Marry that fellow yet?"

"No. They think they'll be married in the spring."

"H'rumph."

There was a pause. He wished he could think of something more to say about her friend Emily, but he couldn't think of a thing. (Why didn't she go? She always wanted to get away when she was here.)

"You might ask me to sit down," she said.

"Well — sit down," he said, feeling desperate. "You never want to."

"No, I only wanted to be asked. I have to run right along now that I know you're all right."

"Yes — sure," he said, groping for matches. "I'm fine." (Their conversation seemed to be going in circles but at any rate she hadn't seen the morning paper.) "Just fine."

She had moved to the door.

"Be a good boy and we'll see you soon."

"All right. That's good."

He struck a match.

"And, darling," she said.

His match went out. He looked up blankly.

"That was a terribly sweet thing you did." (Was he hearing right?) She spoke very slowly. "George and I are both very proud of you. I think that was simply splendid for you to help that opera company and get all that praise." She was speaking slower than ever. "There's not another man I know who would have done such a thing, and I think you have something to be proud of."

He sat back and stared at her.

"George wants to tell you that, too, and he will as soon as he sees you. Music lovers all over the city should be grateful to you."

She stopped. She was waiting for him to say something.

"Oh — that," he laughed lightly and the unlit cigar fell in his lap. "Last night. Oh — ho —"

"Yes," she said. "We are very pleased with our papa."

"Well —" he began. "Of course —"

"Of course you'll get your money back, dear. It's just all right, and you mustn't worry about it. We both think it is just all right. It's nothing to worry about at all. Now, good-bye, darling."

He gulped.

"Good-bye," he said to the empty doorway. He sat still and heard the front door close. After a while he put the unlit cigar and the matches back in his pocket.

Well!

Again he was alone in his cluttered little room. And before many minutes he understood. Yes, it was worse

than he had anticipated. Worse beyond all expectations. Previously he had been defiant. Now he was helpless. If only she had created a scene. He would have known how to handle that. He'd have bested her then. But this! Why, she felt sorry for him! He was a complete damn fool and he knew it and she knew it, and worst of all, *she* knew he knew it and she pitied him. He wasn't worth being furious with, but he was to be patted on the head and talked to the way you talk to a child who doesn't know the way of the world and is told in soothing dulcet tones, "We both think it's just all right. You mustn't worry about it. It's just all right."

All right, hell!

He had thrown away \$116.93 and made a fool of himself and everybody knew it and everybody felt sorry. And even his own daughter who was always the first to criticize him for every little mistake he ever made, even *she* realized that he was more to be pitied than upbraided. Here he sat hearing echoes of her patronizing platitudes, every one of them more damning than a violent accusation, echoes of false praise ringing in his ears, a sugar-plum for a little boy who fell down and skinned a knee. Seventy-three years ago that little boy slid down a cellar door after he had been told *not* to slide down cellar doors and the result had been a skinned knee and then a sugar-plum. And in the memory it wasn't the

sweetness of the sugar-plum that endured, or the pain of the knee, but the fact that the whole incident had been a mistake in judgment, a fiasco.

He gave a deep sigh and reached for the cigar and the matches. He lit the cigar and for a while he filled the room with blue smoke. Then he stood up. Well, that was probably the last opera he'd see for a long time. He really didn't care for Gounod any more. Times were changing; tastes change with the times. It was getting on into the afternoon now. After three o'clock. He'd just stroll out to the corner and get a little fresh air. That's what he'd do.

HE LEFT THE house and walked out on to the sidewalk and the intermittent patches of sunshine broken regularly by the shade of a row of pepper trees along the curb. He walked slowly until he came to the corner. He waited while two automobiles went by — and then two more. Funny, there were always automobiles when you wanted to cross a street. Never see the like of it. Except when it's raining. Then you always have to stand in a drizzle while *twenty* automobiles go by. Never know it to fail.

He reached the opposite curb. Here the pepper trees gave way to stately palms. Much better. They had more dignity and weren't as dirty. A good thing, palm trees. A proper tree. More erect, more self-

sufficient. He threw back his shoulders and walked more erectly. Yes, sir, he enjoyed walking. They all said he walked like a man of forty instead of a man of seventy-nine. Had to admit it, that's what they did.

His pace increased. Soon he reached the next corner. Ahead were more pepper trees with branches hanging low and the sidewalk littered with the droppings of little red berries. But to the left, down the cross street, was another block of tall palms. He turned to the left.

Further back went the shoulders and faster went the gait. No longer was it a walk. It was a march. A man of forty, they said. H'rumph! A lot of men at forty were older than he. Not everybody had lived the life he had lived, or seen the things he had seen, or done the things he had done. Not everybody was *capable* of doing the things he had done, or could do, or would do. No, sir. No, siree! Ha! Why think of the way that man who played Mephistopheles had appreciated him — the way that actor had squeezed his hand. And the way that audience had applauded him when the manager told them to. No, come to think of it, they didn't have to be told to. Come to think of it, they just *burst* out into applause when he returned to his seat even though the manager was standing on the stage trying to say something. That's what they did. (The palms went straight ahead. He crossed another street) *Burst* out into applause.

And that little leading lady! Ha! Why she gave him a peck on the cheek and said — (peck on the cheek? What do you mean, peck on the cheek? She gave him a full kiss on the lips, that's what she did. And what a kiss that was! She looked at him with those dark eyes of hers, those flashing sparkling eyes, and standing close in front of him, on her tiptoes, she kissed him full upon the lips with her beautiful little mouth) — and said something about singing somewhere — Mexico City — if only she had the money. And certainly a girl like that deserved the money. Why she'd be a sensation if she were given half a chance because what a girl like that needed was somebody to stand back of her and see to it that she had every opportunity. What a girl like that needed was a man like — well, like himself, who was able to take charge of things when they were at sixes and sevens and with one fell swoop put them in apple pie order, a man quick on the trigger who played his cards well and who knew how to meet every emergency and how to make friends and keep them, a man destined to lead and be followed and leave the world a better place because he had made his mark upon it — that's what she needed. No shillyshallying, no nonsense, somebody who went right ahead and achieved the goal while all the others were sitting back wondering how it could be done, a man who could go

through fire and water, a man who could keep his head, a victor, a conqueror — a man like . . .

There was a newsboy.

He'd just get an evening paper and see if *they* printed anything about him and if *they* had his picture in, and if *they* spelled his name correctly.

The youngster took his dime and gave him the paper and dug into a pocket for a nickel in change.

"No — I want *two* of those papers."

"Okay," said the youngster.

"And do you know what?"

"What, mister?"

"Here is an extra nickel all for yourself."

"Gee, thanks, mister."

He put the two papers under his arm and turned toward home. Time enough to look through them later when he was alone in his room. Left, right. Left, right.

Ta-a-a tum,

Ta-tattle, ta-tattle, ta-tum!

Ha! The *Soldiers' Chorus*. A proper march. How did it go?

Left, right.

Left, right.

Glo- ry

And love to the men of old;

Their sons

May copy their courage bold.

Beneath the stately palms the victorious army marched home to an old Los Angeles house.

Straightening Out Walter

President Reuther: By popular demand, I recognize the delegate from Atlanta, Georgia.

Delegate Henslee, Local 34: Walter, I want to straighten you out. Walter Reuther knows us. That is where the sitdown started in the UAW. Now, you know what you did tonight and it is not popular. See, you ignored everybody. You had your caucus with your pork choppers up there, see. Can I have the time to straighten you out, or talk under the table, or what?

Reuther: The delegate has all the privileges. You go ahead.

Henslee: Walter, you have got it on the ball. You see, this is just an old Georgia cracker talking. You set a pitcher of cream out on the back porch. Cream will come to the top, right? And you are to the top. I watched you on television and I have read everything. You

are right. But there is not but one thing wrong with you and I am going to straighten you out before I leave here. I mean this, Walter, I am going to straighten you out. Listen, the reason you are at the top is because the rank and file is for you, see? And the rank and file are for you now. You do not have to talk up there to Tom Starling or Emil Mazey, to wave the flag or anybody else. You talk to the rank and file. They are the people that are backing you. See what I mean? Sure, they tried to stop me from getting the floor. They run to you, see? Now, Walter, I am not attacking you. I am just straightening you out. All right, Walter, there was a caucus. You went all the way over the hall, see? You had about ten caucuses up there before you recognized me. I am nailing you to the cross. I am talking sense. I am talking like an old Georgia cracker. Walter, I am talking old Georgia sense now. Would you rather listen to me, the rank and

This dialogue is excerpted verbatim from the official transcript of the CIO United Automobile Workers Convention, held in Cleveland in April of this year.

file that put you where you are, or would you rather listen to pork choppers? Now answer . . .

Reuther: Brother, I am in your corner.

Henslee: Now, I am going to tell you what, there is not but one thing you have got to do, see. The rank and file is back of you. You don't have to write these speeches. Now, listen, you are not kidding me; I am from Georgia, see? But I want to say this, Walter, the Georgia delegation this time are wearing shoes. Are you surprised or not? I have still got the mike, Walter. I am going to nail you. I am going to straighten you out. Walter, you have got it on the ball. That woman, I wanted to take her over, but Spivak and all of them—a fellow told me, “He handled himself pretty good, didn't he?” You dad blamed right. Now, listen, Walter, I am going to shell the corn to you like we do in Georgia. I am going to shell it to you. I am not a Communist or nobody else. I am going to tell you straight talking, see, from the people that put you there. Do you know about Atlanta? I am not running for anything. Do you know about Atlanta? You dad blamed right you know it. Walter Reuther, there is not but one mistake with you, and I am going to tell it to you. I told you you were the cream. You have come to the top. Lis-

ten, you have got some staff members that are politically ambitious, see? They tell you that, “We have got this and we have got that.” The rank and file are the men that's paying you. Walter, you are the only man that realizes that on your staff, that we can make you or demote you. I am talking facts, see? You have got a bunch of dead timber on your staff and you know it. Walter, I'm not a yes-man and you know it. And you did not write no speech for me to make. But I'm for the Union increase, see, but not because you wrote the speech. You had them. You started them, see? It is obvious, see? The delegates here demanded you to give me the floor, see? You did not know how I was going to speak. But you are hearing from the rank and file, see? You kept me off but I am for the dues increase, see? Now get that straight.

Reuther: I got it. Your time is up, Brother.

Henslee: All right, there isn't but one thing for you to do, and I am going to straighten you out, see? You listen to the people out here that are delegates and not to a bunch of political ambitious guys that crawl on their bellies to you.

Reuther: That was a lot of very, very sound advice, Brother, and you can be assured that I have absorbed it very thoroughly.

In Our Readers' Opinion

I have been a subscriber to THE MERCURY for years. Your writers are solid and not stereotyped, always to the point and no academic language. Everybody can read and understand it without a dictionary at your elbow.

NED M. BECKER
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

I miss the historical articles, and biographical articles, even the humorous and the health articles that occasionally added to the old MERCURY.

STANTON A. COBLENTZ
MILL VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

You gentlemen have contrived a wonderful mixture of oil and water. I love your politics and most of your ideas. But please file forever that Bohemian Cynicism and Sophistry; it is not nearly worthy of you.

GERARD J. TOBIN
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Your magazine is the greatest force for truth and decency that has come upon the American scene in several decades.

JOSEPH CAROLE
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

THE AMERICAN MERCURY is the only magazine on the newsstands today that I read from cover to cover in every issue.

DONALD BUMP
CHESHAM, NEW HAMPSHIRE

I was a bit surprised to see an article on Dagmar in THE AMERICAN MERCURY. But I need not have been. It was thoroughly enjoyable and in admirable taste, well-organized and well written. A thoroughly adult performance.

PHILIP LITTE
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Your September issue was the best yet.

JOSEPH F. HACKETT
MARGARITA, CANAL ZONE

In Our Readers' Opinion

I must take issue with your observation that Mr. Truman is an habitual liar, not because I disagree with you, but because I disagree with your manner in presenting it as a derogatory statement. Is not the ability of lying necessary to political leadership?

EUSTACE MULLINS
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

This isn't a letter of protest, but an apology for . . . Alfred Towne and his feature article in the August issue of the magazine ["Homosexuality in American Culture"]. That such an article should appear is shocking.

UNSIGNED
NEW YORK CITY

I have been studying homosexuality from a psychological viewpoint for the past few years, and I immensely appreciated the article by Mr. Towne in your magazine. I am gratified to find someone who is not afraid to write of these things.

HAROLD S. HOWELL
GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

As a homosexual . . . I have read with a great deal of interest your article in the August MERCURY. It was not at all gratifying to read your article completely through, finding it an excellent job of literary artistry, but to reach the end and find you haven't said a single thing of any value whatever.

NAME WITHHELD
DENVER, COLORADO

The magazine is good. Some things especially; . . . "The Character of the Lover" (short story by Wright Morris), Alan Devoe, Huie's serialized novel, and "Draughts of Old Bourbon."

LODEMA GREEN
GREENVILLE, ILLINOIS

In Our Opinion

I'll admit some of your articles, and especially your stories, shock me at times, but . . . there are other articles that are frank and straightforward in the discussion of what is radically wrong with our country during these chaotic times.

K. RUSSELL
BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA

Your article on dianetics was interesting, but far behind the times, and based on a superficial knowledge. . . I worked for the organization for a couple months, being roped in for two hundred dollars. . . It was fun. . .

JACK KNEASS
SAN FERNANDO, CALIFORNIA

Last month . . . I cautiously picked up a small, neatly made-up magazine called THE MERCURY . . . I have seldom been more delighted or incredulous. I didn't know there was actually a magazine that . . . honestly lived up to the over-used blurb of "pulling no punches."

TONI KEYSER
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

I like your new MERCURY. . . But, O boy, if our Minister for Customs ever wakes up and reads your "Revolt of Mamie Stover," you are in for a good caning.

ELLA OWEN
VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA

Until September 1950, due mainly to ignorance, I held the rather common notion that the Quaker Way was the right way, or at least a reasonably correct, way to world peace. After September, when I was (and am) a student at Haverford College, I had a rather rude awakening. . . I thought that I was alone . . . since the Quakers have their private Manchuria where they are immune from criticism. Your editorial is a refreshing change in attitude.

ROBERT W. HUTTON
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

In Our Readers' Opinion

I thought you might be interested to learn that I read — twice — from cover to cover, the May issue of your magazine, and that I haven't recovered yet from the shock! . . . I like the way you hit straight across the eyes, the way you stand up straight . . . the verbal shock treatment you use to wake the schizophrenics among us to reality.

DAN TOPOUSIS
NEW YORK CITY

After reading your current issue, I could not refrain from writing you once more to tell you that I think you are doing the swellest job in America in producing the kind of magazine America needs.

CHARLES B. ROTH
DENVER, COLORADO

In as much as our children and ourselves are not majoring in biology don't you feel that the article "Sex Among the Porcupines" is unhealthy reading matter in this busy and trying world?

M. C. ULLRICH
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Now that I've finished with this book . . . I shall put it in the furnace. If you're going to the trouble to publish a magazine why not one that people would be proud to have lying around the house?

T. F. M.
LYNN, MASS.

I have been a subscriber for at least ten years. When I read the highly spiced articles I don't choke or have a fit. But . . . Best wishes for your reform and success.

JOSEPH HELFMAN

"DEATH ON THE WING

“ “ “ “ “ “ “ “
Serge Fliegers &
Leon Pearson “

AS THE DIN of battle around Pyongyang subsided, Major George F. Gormlie, U. S. Intelligence, was interrogating a North Korean doctor. The doctor mentioned that he had spent much time working in a laboratory with a Soviet woman scientist. "Let's have a look at this lab," Gormlie said, and a small party was directed to an unassuming house on the South side of Pyongyang. The door was locked. A strange, almost mad sound reached them from within.

The door was forced open and the sight confronting Major Gormlie was as horrible as anything that he had seen on the battlefield.

What he saw was a well equipped, modern laboratory with clean glistening apparatus. Stacked around the wall were sealed cages. From these cages emanated the shrieks and squeals of hundreds of rats and mice — creatures which had gone mad from hunger. They were scratching and scurrying aimlessly in their tiny prisons.

When the major stepped forward to open one of the doors, the North Korean jumped forward: "Don't

touch them," he warned, "there is death on these animals. Black death, enough to kill you and all your armies, enough to kill everyone in Korea."

Then, from the doctor's lips, Major Gormlie heard the story of Soviet Russia's hell-kettle in Pyongyang.

THE LABORATORY HAD been established some years before, when the USSR occupied Korean territory north of the 38th parallel. A woman scientist had been sent down with all the equipment, and she proceeded to work on a rigid schedule. Rats and mice, locally captured and imported, were put into carefully locked cages in groups of twenty. Their fur was treated with chemicals to aid the propagation and survival of fleas and lice, which carry the germs of infection from rodents to humans.

Shortly after the American landing in Inchon, there was feverish activity in the laboratory. Under Soviet supervision, doctors and bacteriologists began infecting some 5,000 rats and mice with germs of

bubonic plague and encephalitis. The latter is a lethal inflammation of the brain for which there is no prevention and little cure.

When UN troops captured Pyongyang, the Soviet woman scientist had fled, together with other Communist officials. The laboratory was locked up and the mice and rats were left there.

What happened to the laboratory in Pyongyang has not been disclosed, and as with other information regarding biological warfare, it is shrouded in a cloak of official secrecy. This cloak is so thick that it banned even the term "biological warfare" from official reports during World War II, when scientists and military men first became aware of the war-potential of germs. It was only after the late Secretary of Defense James Forrestal broke this silence in March 1949 that information began to appear in the press. Some of these statements were frightening, such as the one by Dr. Brock Chisholm, Director General of the UN World Health Organization, who told an audience of British atomic scientists and biologists in October 1950 that germ weapons: "... could eliminate more than fifty percent of human life in a continental population against which they are directed."

"Therefore," concluded Dr. Chisholm, "the atomic bomb is obsolete as a weapon of warfare."

The American public, without

having penetrated the secret of the atomic bomb, is alert to its threat. But the possibly greater danger of biological warfare — referred to by scientists as "BW" — is not generally appreciated.

To understand this danger, it is necessary to know what the United States is doing in BW research, what Russia is doing in the same field, what can be done to defend ourselves against this horrible weapon, and, finally, what the possibilities are for international control.

DURING THE WAR, the U. S. Army established an experimental BW station in Camp Detrick, Maryland, with the most modern laboratories and large contamination tanks to test air-dispersability of certain germs. The latter structures aroused great curiosity among Maryland natives, and one farmer made the envious remark: "If I only had what is in one of those tanks, I could retire for life." He should have said "retire from life," for the U. S. was able to develop concentrations of poisons that had a potency hitherto unimaginable. Antidotes and vaccines against certain known diseases were also discovered in Maryland.

But even though something is now known of operations at Camp Detrick, BW research has been the best-kept military secret — better even than that of the atomic bomb, whose secrets have, in part at least, reached the USSR through the suc-

cessful efforts of Soviet spies. In the case of BW, the situation is reversed, for it is the United States which has succeeded in penetrating, to some extent, the Soviet secrets of germ warfare.

The most striking contribution of this sort comes from two German biologists who were kidnaped by the Soviets, forced to work on BW projects inside Russia, who managed to escape to tell the tale. Since their account cannot be checked in detail, it is given here with all due reservations. From material made available by the U. S. government, however, it is possible to compare certain of their observations and conclusions with similar work performed in the United States, and those points coincide with impressive accuracy.

Here are some of the pertinent excerpts from their story, an adventure which started one cold and rainy day in the eastern sector of Berlin. A Soviet patrol picked up two Germans, Dr. Stuben and Mr. Bant,* and although they attempted to conceal their true identity, MVD officers soon discovered that they were trained microbiologists.

Together with other forced laborers and captive scientists, the two were shipped to Djerzhinsk and put under the supervision of Doctor Danilov, director of the Djerzhinsk Bacteriological Institute, and his assistant, Tropotkin. They were provided with an excellently out-

fitted laboratory with four modern Zeiss microscopes (later replaced by four Swiss microscopes of even later design), two Russian-built bacteria-hatching cabinets which proved better than existing foreign models, a vacuum-dehydrator which can dehydrate bacteria and preserve them indefinitely in highly concentrated form, and a Sperti bactericidal lamp imported from the U. S. A.

About 70 bacteriologists worked in the same building with Dr. Stuben and Mr. Bant. There were eight Germans, two Finns, three Japanese, some scientists from Balkan satellites and the rest were Russians. Many of these Russians were "Sakreshch-onuiy" — people on limited liberty, a euphemism describing Russians at forced labor.

One of the main tasks assigned to the Germans was to find an anti-toxin for botulism, a deadly disease caused by poison produced in spoiled foods, especially canned goods. They were provided with microbes from spoiled foods, sent from the Institute of Hygiene in Moscow.

They failed to devise an anti-toxin, but in time they received a mysterious order. Instead of diluting the botulin toxin so that experiments on test-animals could be conducted, the Germans were ordered to produce as potent a concentrate as possible of the botulin bacillus. They did this by dehydrating the bacilli in a desiccator, and their final product was so strong that, ac-

* These are not their actual names.

according to their calculations, one cubic centimeter of it could kill 450,000 people.

(Meanwhile, working at Camp Detrick, Dr. Carl Lamanna and other American scientists perfected, according to Maj. General Alden H. Waitt, Chief of the Army Chemical Corps, "the most highly toxic substance known." This was later revealed to be a crystalline concentration of botulinus toxin, so potent that *one ounce* of it could kill 224 million people. With the population of the world estimated at slightly over two and a quarter billion people, this would mean theoretically that ten ounces of the crystal produced in Maryland could wipe out the entire human population of the earth.)

Some eight months after they had begun work in Djerzhinsk, the Germans were visited by Soviet secret police agents who told them that American scientists had managed to discover an effective anti-toxin against botulism. The two Germans were accused of malingering, possible sabotage, and a series of other crimes which routinely and regularly occur to the imaginative Soviet mind. They were transferred to another biological station called Eupatoria II.

(The MVD agents were correctly informed. According to American press reports, scientists at Camp Detrick were able, for the first time to produce an effective toxoid against botulism.)

BEFORE THE GERMANS left Djerzhinsk, they had an opportunity to learn of the more successful work of their captive colleagues. At regular conferences with Doctor Danilov, they were told about progress in the problem of concentrating and preserving anthrax spores, psittacosis virus and bubonic plague bacilli. The Japanese, for example, who always seemed most eager and regularly had the greatest advances to report, kept a whole flea-circus of experimental rat-fleas, which carry the "black death" from rat to man.

The trip from Djerzhinsk to Eupatoria, made by truck, train and plane, was the second transfer the German scientists experienced, but not the last. Before their pestilential pilgrimage was over, they had visited all four of the main BW centers in the Soviet Union — Djerzhinsk, Eupatoria I (in the Crimea) Eupatoria II (an island in the Caspian sea) and Omsk, in Siberia. One of the reasons for such strategic dispersal was that these four centers provided extremes of temperature and climate, so that flies and other disease carriers could be bred to withstand the climate of any country in which they might be dropped.

In Eupatoria II, there were no scientists in service when Dr. Stuben and Mr. Bant arrived. The entire staff had perished a few days earlier from bubonic plague infection, contracted during experiments

with that culture. Only Professor Alya Voronin remained of the original staff. He had been spared because, as Director of Soviet Epidemiological Research, he had been absent on an inspection trip when the accident occurred.

Alya Voronin was a tall, burly man with the neck of a steer and the manners of Peter the Great. He told the Germans they had nothing to fear, since the Institute had been decontaminated with a disinfectant of his own invention.

Before being assigned to their new task, the Germans were given a full view of the magnificent installations of Eupatoria II, which was formerly the summer palace of a Tsarist prince. As in Djerzhinsk, they found an abundance of equipment and reference material, including medical and scientific journals.

They were impressed by the Soviet system of scientific intelligence, which flashed back details of latest discoveries throughout the world with the rapidity of a wire agency. This organized grapevine brought to the remote island near Baku a complete account of latest BW research in America, contained in a report by Dr. Elvin A. Kabat. Soviet scientists scooped the cream off the Kabat report, and immediately set themselves to continuing work on the basis of borrowed knowledge.

(The Kabat report was originally prepared in 1942 for the National Research Council, but kept secret

until 1947 when it appeared in the little known *Journal of Immunology*.)

Professor Voronin briefed the Germans on some of the Soviet work in progress. Boastfully, he told them of lice being infected with typhus, of rat-fleas that could carry a maximum dose of bubonic plague. Smilingly, he explained an additional Soviet bacteriological tactic: a concentration of anthrax spores, which can kill both humans and animals, could be put into a small vial of thin glass, and sent in an ordinary envelope through the mail distribution center of some big city. As the vial breaks, the whole day's mail of that city will carry this deadly and universal "mail-order murder."

One day the Germans were called to Voronin's office, and asked: "What do you know about psittacosis?" Before waiting for their answer, Voronin then exhibited a thorough knowledge of this disease, known as parrot fever. It is transmitted in the form of a virus deadly to humans, and no absolutely dependable vaccine has been found against it.

It is difficult to overestimate the potency of the psittacosis virus. Army Chemical Warfare Service officials have estimated that one cubic centimeter of psittacosis virus solution could infect at least 15 million human beings. It could infect them easily, by spraying the virus from an airplane or a projectile. The virus is air-borne and the dis-

ease is self-propagating. And a solution of psittacosis virus can be prepared without major difficulty in any biological laboratory in one-quart lots. According to the calculations of Dr. Theodor Rosebury, noted BW specialist who participated in Camp Detrick experiments, such a home-made quart of psittacosis virus could, in theoretical conditions, kill 7 billion people, roughly three times the total population of the globe.

This calculation, by the way, was made possible through a unique accident which occurred at Camp Detrick, where an American scientist became infected with psittacosis. By reconstructing the accident an estimate was made of the exact amount of virus units needed to incapacitate a man. This was the first known instance of a scientific test of BW on a human being.

Thus, enemy planes flying over American territory could spray wholesale murder on our cities. But we have anti-aircraft devices and interceptor planes, and such enemy craft can be stopped.

The Soviets realize this and they have found a carrier that registers no image on a radar screen. They have turned to the animal world for innocent but deadly agents. They have taken migratory birds.

According to the boastful confidences of Professor Voronin, birds have been selected whose seasonal flights will carry them to desired

target areas. The Soviets' diabolic scheme consists of impregnating the mucous membranes and tongues of these birds with psittacosis virus. The birds become sick, but do not die. And when they alight in a country to which they are destined to bring death, or when a gust of wind carries the virus down to earth, an epidemic is in the making. Thus a day of rejoicing can be turned into an epoch of tragedy when "the swallows return to Capistrano."

THE GERMANS, in their palatial estate overlooking the peaceful Caspian Sea, shuddered at the thought of these methods. They resolved not to carry out the experiments. They stated their refusal, and were immediately imprisoned and transferred to Moscow, to the Lubianka, Stalin's infamous prison.

They were tortured. Then, unexpectedly, came a reprieve. Professor Voronin asked for them again, and they were shipped off to a biological station at Omsk — not as "collaborators" this time, but as criminal prisoners in conditions almost beyond endurance.

Omsk is in the center of Siberia. The site is well chosen for the work done there. It is the Soviet equivalent, in terms of BW, of the U. S. atomic proving grounds in New Mexico. At Omsk, the Germans got their final view of the Soviet Union's work in biological warfare. Professor

Voronin explained their new duties, and this time, the battered prisoners had neither the physical nor the moral stamina to refuse.

They were told to prepare the usual solutions of pestilential germs — cholera, plague, psittacosis and anthrax. Next, they were told to find a solution having the same physical properties as each of these poisonous solutions — but without poisonous effect.

The purpose of this new operation soon became apparent. By using an inoffensive test solution, the Soviets could lay down the equivalent of a “fog-of-death” over a given area in their own country. The experiment would reveal how long it would take to create deadly conditions in an enemy country or along battle fronts, and would disclose how long these conditions would prevail.

But how could the spray of pestilence be carried abroad? The captive scientists soon learned the Soviet intention. In a nearby experimental station, at Tomsk, Siberia, other Germans, including the famous rocket specialist Professor Tellman, were working on guided missiles.

Apparently, aerosol machines, which would spray poisonous bacteria on enemy territory, were to be mounted in radio-guided rockets.

Thus, in another war, the enemies of the Soviet Union would become familiar with a type of rocket other than the block-busting “doodle

bugs” Londoners knew during the last war. These rockets would carry no TNT, make no terrifying noises. They would come swiftly, silently, carrying a cargo of germs.

The potentialities of such an attack are increased by combinations of poisons. A rocket can carry not one solution alone, but a battery of germ cartridges — cholera, bubonic plague, psittacosis, and dozens of other bacilli in mixtures capable of producing diseases hitherto unknown to men, diseases for which there is no diagnosis, no vaccine and no treatment.

By an ingenious trick, involving the use of moonshine vodka mixed with home-made barbiturates, Dr. Stuben and Mr. Bant drugged their guards and finally engineered their escape. After a series of hair-raising adventures, they found their way back to Western Europe, where their story became available to us.

The story we are now concerned with, however, is that of what can be done to prevent man’s genius from destroying mankind.

Already there is mutual recrimination between the U. S. and the USSR on the subject of BW. Already there is, as in the field of atomic weapons, an armament race in BW. But there is little public awareness of the dangers.

When Secretary of Defense Johnson issued his first report to the President outlining the work done on BW in this country, *Tass*, the

Soviet news agency, lashed out against him with unrestrained fury. Later, Moscow directly accused the United States of planning to use BW in the next war. In September 1950, scientists of eight Communist nations issued an appeal for a worldwide ban on bacteriological warfare. If a parallel with the Soviet-inspired Stockholm peace appeal can be drawn — an appeal which coincided with Soviet discovery of the atomic bomb — it may be assumed that the Soviets now regard themselves as having BW bargaining power.

But should the idea of a ban on BW be left to Soviet initiative? Clearly it should not. Primarily for humanitarian reasons, and concomitantly for reasons of state, it would be wise to propose at once consideration of international control and interdiction. Trygve Lie, Secretary General of the UN, has already actively proposed some sort of UN control of BW.

The authors of this article urge the following three-point program:

► The United States and its allies should press forward with BW research, for the more scientists know of deadly toxins, the more they learn of anti-toxins. BW defense measures should be accelerated, and the recommendations of the National Security Resources Board (Report on Civil Defense), which include a BW "monitoring service" should be widely publicized and implemented.

► Bacteriological warfare should be declared an international crime, and anyone convicted of using germs in warfare should be liable to capital punishment.

► The use of BW should be outlawed by the United Nations, and a convention should be enacted for its immediate control and eventual elimination.

It may be argued that, as in the case of atomic energy control, international agreement will be impossible; the Soviet Government will no more permit inspection of BW establishments than of atomic energy plants. But the new danger presents a new challenge and a new hope. And, at any rate, the United States must assume the political and moral initiative.

IF THE TRUTH about BW is made known, in all countries, if the people of the world learn that two ounces of botulin crystal can poison millions, then the public conscience may dictate results.

When the A-bomb fell on Hiroshima, there arose from debris and death a hope that this weapon would at last shock the world into abandonment of all weapons. It did not. Now comes something potentially worse.

Is the human race determined to make itself extinct? Or can the peoples of the world compel their leaders and rulers to act? There is still time.

"I sees two-footed rats with badges"

The Funeral of MOTHER BLOOR

Bob Patterson

SHE was born on Staten Island during the second year of the Civil War and as soon as she reached maturity, she jumped into the nearest handy internecine conflict and kept on doing so until the spring of this year when, after a fall, the strength began to drain from her chunky, short woman's body. First it was woman's rights, sadly trampled on by male political inhumanity. The last suffragette speeches had no sooner ceased echoing than she enlisted in the struggle against John Barleycorn who finally proved invincible. But there were other causes and other battles to which to lend her generous heart and fiery tongue.

She was soon enlisted in the ranks of the Socialists, in the days when tough, determined workers organized huge, grim strikes against equally tough, stubborn owners, the reckless days of wildcat mines, sweatshops and ramshackle factories where safety devices were as unheard of as Muzak. A prominent figure during the Pennsylvania anthracite strike

of 1902, the great Michigan copper strike of 1913 and dozens of other headline American ruckuses, she ran up a total of 36 arrests in half the states in the union before she hung up her gloves. Conflict seemed to run in her blood. Descended from Revolutionary soldiers, she had associated with such firebrands as Walt Whitman, Robert Ingersoll, Henry Ward Beecher and Eugene V. Debs. She toured the malodorous stockyards with Upton Sinclair who used the material they gathered in his muckraking epic, *The Jungle*.

It was during an investigation of the Chicago packing house industry that Mrs. Ella Reeve Ware Cohen Omholt first used the name of Bloor as an alias. With all her truculence, there was an old-fashioned maternal quality about her that gave rise to the nickname "Mother Bloor," and it was as such that she became an American radical institution. After Debs died, the Socialist Party seemed to lose some of its gumption and she

naturally thought the torch had passed to the Comintern. She had joined the Communist Party in 1919 at the age of 57 and never could see through its devious, ideologic switches and chicanery or realize that in its last few years it attracted scarcely anyone but crackpots, innocents, guilt-ridden, well-off dabblers and script-mechanics and sadistic power-maniacs. She was probably the last, old-style populist American radical to keep her illusions and remain in the corrupt ranks. The leaders knew her value, gave her a prominent place at the rallies and on their election tickets.

When her health began to fail early this year, the Comrades had her taken to a convalescent home in Richlandtown, Pa. Lying in the hospital bed, in a semi-coma, she would occasionally receive a visitor and inform him over and over again that there was no country like America. Frequently, half-rising from her bed, she would sing the "Star-Spangled Banner" in a quavering voice. She died early in August and it was decided to bury her, with all possible ceremony, in quiet little Harleigh Cemetery in Camden, New Jersey, the resting place of her favorite bard, Walt Whitman.

I got there early to look for a point of vantage from which to view the proceedings, but apparently a few score other people had the same idea. Small, confused contingents would arrive, look suspiciously at

each other and then take up a judicious position on the greensward. About twenty of Mr. Hoover's suave, crew-cutted sleuths showed up and casually assembled for a quiet briefing on the lee side of a handy mausoleum. Then they drifted away in conspicuously inconspicuous pairs, giving a very good imitation of Princeton seniors killing time between classes. An equal number of newspapermen, blinking in the sun and looking vaguely as if somebody had upset their routine greeted each other and finally settled themselves on, around and against the last resting place of one George F. Walther who probably didn't mind, having disappeared from public view in the eighties.

A pretty sizeable hunk of the local constabulary had already established itself when I got there. They were obviously hostile to the general idea of Communists trampling on the local grass but still it was a funeral — of an elderly lady called "Mother" at that. Quite a few local people had been under the illusion at first that she was a Negro but the misunderstanding had been cleared up. In any case, the gendarmes looked pretty certain that nobody was going to catch them off base. They patrolled the yawning grave-to-be quite openly and glanced firmly about them, as if to inform the world that any last-minute sedition or bomb-throwing would be promptly nipped in the bud.

THERE WAS QUITE a while to wait — the body was being driven down from New York — but nobody seemed to mind. Nearly everybody was on a payroll and it was a clear, soft summer day. It wasn't long before the postures on the grass became less and less decorous as collars were loosened and jackets removed. Soon, a couple of brown bottles materialized and began to circulate along with a lazy swarm of rumors. The man from the *Philadelphia Inquirer* informed us that the Comrades had planned to uncover the body to let the public have a last look at the departed. The cemetery officials, he continued, had been highly disturbed at the prospect and appealed to Chief of Police Gustave Koerner to ban the unveiling. Koerner took it up with the City Attorney who was unable to find anything in the statutes prohibiting the display of corpses. Balked and resentful, the cemetery landlords had retired, muttering darkly.

Another reporter had heard that something was brewing over at the local American Legion Post. If the mourners did "anything subversive," the members were going to interfere in some way, but the details were a little vague. A worried, bald-headed photographer told us that someone told him that a Communist Party beef squad was going to be on hand to take care of picture-takers. He was reassured and prom-

ised our protection. The *Courier Post* man had it straight from the stable that the FBI were present for the purpose of picking up some of the top Communists on the lam from New York convictions — if they showed. We turned and looked at the Federal boys still strolling in twos, like neatly attired, gentlemanly hawks ready to pounce.

The faithful began to cluster well in advance of the time set for the interment. They were a motley group but they fitted together like the parts of a somewhat obsolete piece of machinery. They had the indefinably foreign, lost-world quality that clings to the population of the coal-and-iron towns of Pennsylvania and the mill towns of Southern New England. They were uniformly truculent in a guarded, metallic fashion. The rank and file, that is.

The leaders and straw bosses were of a different complexion. They were well-dressed, urbane and carefully oblivious of the police and press. They steered from group to group with agile, loquacious efficiency, shaking hands and embracing the comrades with a gusto much more reminiscent of a clambake than last rites. They were energetic and very skillful at maintaining an air of unconcern while obviously keeping a weather eye out for trouble from the sidelines.

The senior functionary present was a tall, bald, furry-mustached gent who — when braced by the

newspapermen — introduced himself as Mr. Charles Charles, an old friend of Mother's. According to a member of the subversive squad of New Jersey State Police who was present, Mr. Charles was a red-hot-red from the Manhattan lodge of the party, a lad of considerable experience and pretty high up in the Stalinist ranks. Mr. Charles blossomed out into a full-fledged master of ceremonies, radical style, when the hearse and its 30-car cortege rolled in from the highway and disgorged the delegates from the big city. These were a very different set of citizens, militant and bouncing, the veterans of scores of public meeting who remarked the presence of the law with gleeful personal and political satisfaction. "Can't even let us bury Mother in peace," I heard a tall, thin washed-out looking female chirp in a bird-like voice. "What can you expect?" another answered, as if in an antiphonal chant. Six or seven of them then put their heads together clucking and chattering indignantly and shooting out sharp, angry looks in the direction of the enemy. The ladies included the usual quota of the old-style Commie female, she of the flat shoes, sweater and skirt, straight-hair and no makeup, a style that was in vogue in the thirties. The rest of the female contingent, which was in a majority, looked like rather well-off housewives somewhat overheated by irrational passion. The

men included quite a few young college "intellectuals," thin-faced, humorless boys with an air of doing their best in a hopelessly corrupt society. There were also quite a few lads from Harlem present, looking a bit sheepish and self-conscious.

With commendable efficiency, Mr. Charles had gone to work and succeeded in herding together, in front of the open grave, some five hundred mourners, most of them obviously restive and happily resentful under the scrutiny of fifty or so assorted cops and reporters. "Quiet, please! Come on now! Quiet! Let's have a little quiet," Mr. Charles cajoled. The hum of conversation dwindled. From the front of the crowd, a little, wizened old man in a blue work-shirt popped out of the crowd. He walked dramatically over to the cameramen, his toothless mouth puckered in a sneer, his bright blue eyes blinking rapidly, struck a stagey, menacing pose and raised his right hand in the Communist salute. The photogs obliged. Shutters clicked and flash-bulbs poofed in regulation fashion. The old boy went into his act.

"I sees two-footed rats with badges," he croaked, "and I sees two-footed rats with notebooks and cameras. But the proletariat will live forever."

He nodded his head affirmatively two or three times, repeated "two-footed rats in badges, yessir," then tensed, and struck his pose, fist up-raised, as the cameramen circled and

squatted and flipped new plates into their cameras. The mourners smiled benignly at him. A reporter asked his cameraman if he'd gotten the old gent's name.

"He said just to put him down as 'an old ree-vo-loo-shunary' — nothing else," the photog replied.

The reporter shook his head. "He's too good to be true. I bet they had him sent down from Central Casting."

Meanwhile, Mr. Charles was massing the faithful around the coffin. The lid had been removed, revealing Mother Bloor's face, as waxen and unreal as something from Madame Tussaud's as she slumbered amid the undertaker's awful satins. She looked like a nice, worried old lady. A few questing flies began to wheel and circle. The undertaker, a bald, red-faced man in a striped cutaway who obviously held negative views on the subject of open-air corpses, flailed his arms at the insects and grunted something about speed to Mr. Charles, who promptly got down to business.

"Comrades, Mother is where she would want to be!" he announced in a firm, rapid, rumble. "Close to the mortal remains of the great Walt Whitman who so well understood and sympathized with our historic work, our perpetual struggle to advance the rights of man, our fight to free ourselves from the binding chains forged by the capitalist exploiters."

There was a hum of assent from the audience which looked anything but mournful at the moment.

Mr. Charles then commenced reading an excerpt from Whitman's works, giving it the full treatment, with dramatic pauses, fist-shakings and hand-poundings. The photogs, standing at the side of the bier, began to snap his picture. At the sound of the first flipped shutter, out of the crowd popped the Old Revolutionary, muttering "two-footed rats" and raising his hands in the clenched salute. The cameramen stopped shooting Mr. Charles and began to dally with the blue-shirted joker again. Mr. Charles tugged his mustache, shot an annoyed look at the proceedings, brought his poem to a swift close and introduced Mrs. Katherine Flynn, "a dear friend of Mother's."

MRS. FLYNN WAS stout, flushed and irate. She said that she was present in place of her sister, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, a member of the Executive Board of the Communist Party and that Elizabeth could not be present because she was under indictment in New York City. She was out on bail but the authorities had prevented her coming to Camden, her sister said, her voice thick with indignation.

"My sister regrets that she cannot be here," she said, beating the air with her index finger extended. "She loved Mother deeply. When

she requested *your* government to permit her to come, *your* government told her the trip was not necessary. *Your* government did *that!*"

Her voice cracked on the high note of a quivering crescendo of rage. The faithful shook their heads, clucked sympathetically, ground their teeth in fury. Mrs. Flynn waddled from the bier, dabbing at her eyes with a wadded handkerchief.

Comrade Charles raised his hands, preparatory to introducing another speaker when Mrs. Flynn catapulted back, nearly knocking him over. She had almost forgotten that she was supposed to recite a eulogy.

"Mother was a charter member of the Communist Party," she said slowly and impressively. "She was one of our great crusaders. She gave us confidence to keep fighting onwards. Even though we be oppressed, we will be the winners in the end."

She moved away with Mr. Charles keeping a careful eye on her. He then announced as the next speaker Comrade Samuel Leed, a member of the Pennsylvania State Executive Committee of the Communist Party. Mr. Leed turned out to be an old colored man of the wrinkled, limber, folksy type usually found ministering to a small enthusiastic congregation. His voice was sepulchral and his diction was strictly barefoot Dixie.

"The good Mother was our chastenin' switch," he said. "Yes, comrades. She was the chastenin' switch,

alright and she kep' us a-goin'. She was a fust-class pioneah in duh movement' for racial unity. Indeed! What she done done for dem Scottsboro boys . . . yes-suh . . . an' she still wan' us to keep on goin' and goin'."

He tailed off into a standard, carefully rehearsed exposition of the party line that was quite a disappointment after his fine opening.

A gleaming-eyed, firm-jawed old lady in a shawl was the next speaker. Mr. Charles explained that she was Annie Pennypacker, a woman devoted to the cause and the daughter of the late Samuel Pennypacker, former Governor of Pennsylvania (1903-1907).

Miss Pennypacker went on in prim, crisp tones about Mother and the Movement and the fine things accomplished by both. At times, she became a little confused in her ideology making fervent references to the Deity that seemed to embarrass Mr. Charles and the orthodox. But after all she was an old lady and eventually she sailed safely into port, all sails flying, with a final, grandmotherly admonition to all to keep up the good fight. It could have been a somewhat militant open air revival meeting.

But now the ceremonies were turned over to a real professional. No more toying with the past or indulging in conventional sentiment. Mr. David David was introduced and came on like Gang-busters. He had the voice, gestures and style of

elocation that belonged to the Union Square of the past. It called up memories of May Day speeches to huge crowds that usually dispersed amid screaming sirens, curses and, occasionally, broken bones. He was thick-browed, heavy-faced, squat and muscular and the word doubt was obviously not in his vocabulary. He squared off like a fighter and let go.

Mother's prime thought was Action. Action . . . Action and then, . . . more ACTION! The eyes of the faithful gleamed with excitement. This was it. Even the undertaker got caught up and stopped shooing away the flies from Mother Bloor's tired old face to listen. The flat, experienced voice barked and clattered and echoed from the surrounding tombstones like machine-gun fire. Mother expects Action of us! Now!

The greatest menace in America today, he said, are the people who defame America in the very name of Americanism. The listeners performed a mass sneer at this point, turning their heads towards the police and federal agents as if to see whether they had gotten the point. The police sneered right back again. The FBI imperturbably fingered its neat ties. Mr. David David rumbled into high.

What Mother wanted was an America that was organized and progressive, he shouted, making his last reference to the deceased. That

over, he breathed a deep sigh and took off on a lengthy, terrific tirade about the class-war, the working class, cynical capitalist exploiters, war-mongers and the word-mongers of the corrupt, capitalist press.

Slowing down a little in a neat change of pace, he informed the audience that the single purpose of all right-thinking Americans was to take back the wealth which the ruling classes had pilfered from the people. At this point the Old Revolutionary suddenly popped up again and went into his salute. The photogs started snapping him again. With furrowed brow, Mr. Charles Charles hooked his arm and firmly drew him aside. They had a few words and the Old Revolutionary withdrew into the crowd, glowering and muttering.

Mr. David had never even broken stride. "The ruling classes think they can scare people," he asserted with a courageous frown. "If it was not for their scare movement thousands more right-thinking peepuhl would be present at this funeral today."

"It is up to us," he thundered. "Yes, to us, to bring these people a message and to build right here in this country a system of socialism that will be part of the program of the entire world."

At this point, the New Jersey State cop snapped a picture of Mr. David at point-blank range. Mr. David glared and the crowd chattered feverishly. Mr. Charles broke

the tension by thanking Mr. David for an inspiring speech and introducing "Frank." Not Mister Frank or even Frank Frank. Just Frank.

Frank started off by saying that he was just one person, but he represented thousands of farmers. He wouldn't say where he hailed from because of the oppression that was weighing on the liberal farmers of America.

"Even though we speak in the dark, we are many," he said. "Our tribute here today will give solace to thousands of others throughout the nation who are awaiting word on this burial here this afternoon. Remember . . . the message is ACTION!"

The faithful seethed with excitement. They bristled and muttered and glared about them. A few of them for want of any other outlet began quarreling among themselves over fine points of Communist doctrine. I noticed a militant little, red-headed, unshaven character turn to a cemetery employee who was standing patiently by, waiting for the ceremony to be finished.

"I suppose you are a policeman," the redhead sneered.

"Nah, I'm no cop," the man answered wearily. "Don't you recognize me, Comrade? I'm Molotov!"

"Uh. A wiseguy. I suppose you think that's funny," the redhead flung back. "Funny as a crutch. You'll learn your lesson."

"Yeah. I'll bet," the employee

groaned.

"Wise guy," the redhead snorted disgustedly and walked off.

THE ACTUAL INTERMENT was anticlimactic and none too well attended. The Commies had accomplished their mission and many started to wander back to their cars as soon as the relieved undertaker screwed down the coffin. There were almost as many FBI men as Commie mourners around the grave as the casket was lowered away and they all carefully removed their hats, a little nicety a few of the party members forgot to observe.

As the crowd broke up and departed, a reporter approached a woman who had been in the forefront of the gathering throughout the ceremony. She was a big, raw-boned lady of about thirty-five, not bad-looking, with intense, smouldering eyes and a sullen expression. Her garb alone made her a standout. She wore an almost decolleté black net-over-rose satin affair, blue bobby sox under open sandals, an enormous picture hat and a large, shiny nickle-plated wrist watch.

The reporter asked her what she thought of the services for Mother Bloor.

"Was that the lady's name?" she chirped brightly. "I wondered. I had an afternoon off from the soup cannery and I thought I'd come up here for the outing. For a funeral it was kind of highbrow, wasn't it?"

*the
career
of a
man
who
didn't
become
champ*

THE WORLD of the PUG

LEN ZINBERG

IF YOU WANT the lowdown on what it means to be a professional pug, talk to the man in the change booth at the 148th Street 8th Avenue subway entrance in upper Manhattan. He's a mild looking fellow, tall, handsome, of slight build for his height. But look closely and you'll find a kind of cruel cast to his face: the same sullen, wary hardness that settles like a mask on the features of all real fighters.

His name is Danny Cox and his face is unmarked. The only scar the fight world gave him was a bad case of "bubbles" — as Danny calls hopes and daydreams. His very special bubble was that he would become the light heavyweight champion of the world.

Cox's bubble wasn't a mere kid's dream: back in 1939 he was the Metropolitan 160 lb. champion, in 1940 he was the All Eastern and National Diamond Belt champ, and in 1941 he won the Golden Gloves 175 lb. title. Mr. Cox was a charter member of a quartet of colored kids who were the terrors of the amateurs — Ray Robinson, Buddy Moore, Gus Levine, and Danny Cox.

When you learn that the slim Mr. Cox is a veteran of some 225 bouts, and you notice his normal features — no tin ears, sliced eyebrows, broken nose, or ridge of scar tissue — you realize how good he must have been. In the words of Sugar Ray Robinson, who should

be something of an authority, "Danny was a very good fighter — one of the best around."

WITH A SENSATIONAL amateur career behind him, Danny turned pro in 1941, dreaming of the world's championship, of the big money and fame that went with the crown. And in 1944 the "bubble" splattered in his face.

He was fighting Tami Mauriello, the Bronx slugger, in Scranton, and in the third round Danny quit cold. His right thumb had been broken. "That was the first and only time I ever dogged a fight," Danny says. "As I sat on that dirty canvas, I knew I was done with the ring. Everything seemed hopeless. Hearing the ref's count, the boos of the fans, I thought what a crazy joker I'd been, chasing bubbles. I'd been a fool not to finish college, keep on with my music. It was the end! But then if I hadn't *tried* the ring, the rest of my life would have always been a big question mark.

"Guess the bubble really broke two weeks before the Mauriello bout when I met Lee Oma in Baltimore. After years of waiting for a break, the Oma fight seemed my last hurdle to the big time. He was Mr. Opportunity in person and I was set to knock on him — but hard! Lee was in his prime then, a cutie, a real clever boy. In order to eat regular and train right for the Oma bout, I took a job as a sparring

partner for Joe Baksi, a slow, but tough big boy. Baksi was built like a tank and hit like one. I weighed about 180 then and Baksi tipped the scales at 215 or more. A few days before my fight with Oma, I blocked one of Joe's murderous rights with my own right glove. My thumb started to hurt, but I thought it was merely a strain.

"I had the thumb taped and it felt O.K. But when I was in there with Oma I had to take the tape off and the thumb began to swell after the first round. Oma and I boxed on even terms till the end of the 7th. I felt I could come on to win, even though my thumb was so swollen I could hardly shut my glove and the pain was killing me. But there were only three more rounds to go. Between the 7th and 8th rounds my manager, George Gainsford, cut the glove to relieve the pressure on my thumb. I just sat in my corner in a happy haze, thinking, ten minutes more and I'll be on top of the world. Then the bubble broke — the ref saw George cut the glove, found out about my swollen thumb, and stopped the fight. I suppose he was right in doing that, but I was sick. I'd lost on a TKO, and the door to everything was slammed shut, again.

"I still thought the thumb was merely sprained. I had this fight with Tami set up. I'd trained with him when we were both Golden Glovers, felt certain I could outbox

him. The first right I threw made my thumb burn with pain and I knew it was broken. In the third round I sank to the canvas and stayed there. I was 23 years old and washed up in my chosen profession. That's one lousy feeling, I can tell you.

"The bubbles had busted for me, all over me. Same thing happens to business men when they go broke. Like in 1929. Like anybody else, pugs can't stand failure, and they have a breakdown when the bubble breaks. The movies and magazines play up this punchy stuff too much. They'd do better showing the real things that get you down . . . the long years of hard work that lead to nothing but a dead end. Failure in the ring is a worse deal than in any other line: a business man goes broke and he can start over, or become a clerk or something. What can a pug do when all he's learned is how to toss leather and take a punch? If he's big enough he can become a bouncer. If he's lucky enough to quit young maybe he can still learn some other trade. But darn few quit. What other trade pays off the way success in the ring will? It's hard to give up on the boxing bubble."

DANNY COX WAS born in Washington, D. C. on April 15, 1921. His father was a pharmacist and his mother a practical nurse. When Danny was a kid his parents

separated and he moved to New York City with his mother.

When Mrs. Mildred Cox moved to Harlem, Danny was a tall, skinny kid of 14 and the "bubble" hadn't even begun to form in his mind. He entered Stitt Junior High up in middle-class Washington Heights. Since Danny didn't live within the school district, the authorities made him change to Cooper Junior High on 116th Street near Lenox Avenue — in the heart of Harlem. Always a sharp dresser, Danny wore long knickers, which on 116th Street seemed to be the mark of a sissy. As a result Danny was in a street brawl every day of the week and twice on Sunday. He learned to box the hard way. The best fighters at Cooper were Walker Smith, Al Linton, Spider Valentine, and Danny soon joined this select company.

In 1936 the four youngsters began boxing at St. Martin's Community Center, fighting in kid tournaments at the Seamen's Institute, and at Greenwich House. It was a step up from street brawling, but still it was only kid stuff.

Another Harlem church, Salem-Crescent, was the red-hot center of amateur boxing. Coached by George Gainsford and Pops Miller, the Salem-Crescent lads were so good their gym was known as "the slaughter house" among local amateurs. Cox started training there in 1938, and the others soon came over with

him. One day Cox heard Gainsford was looking for a featherweight and Danny took Walker Smith over. Gainsford promptly changed the kid's name to Ray Robinson and helped make him one of the all time greats of boxing. With Robinson, Cox, Buddy Moore (a heavy who was the spit image of Joe Louis and often hit like the Brown Bomber), Linton, Gus Levine, and Spider Valentine (who later fractured a rib, bruised his lung, and died of T.B.) among their number the Salem-Crescent mitt slingers were avoided like a plague by other amateurs.

Over six feet tall, a full grown — if slender — 175 pounder, Danny Cox had some 120 bouts as an amateur, winning 114 of them. He also fought about 50 times in the “bootleg circuit.”

“In those days bootleg fighting was practically SOP for all amateurs,” Danny says. “We weren’t paid, but we did receive \$10 to \$15 ‘expense money.’ We never knew what our ‘managers’ got. They handed us our expense money and that was that. Aside from the fact that these fights weren’t licensed by the AAU, meaning you had more chance of getting hurt — the real difference was that they gave you cash instead of a watch or medal or pen set, which we hocked, anyway. The bubbles were going strong then; those were great times.

“About five of us kids would hop into somebody’s beat-up car and

start ‘barn-storming.’ In a single week, using different names we’d fight maybe three or four times . . . in Kingston, Utica, Syracuse, Montreal . . . all around upper New York State. We’d return with fifty or sixty bucks in our pockets, which was big dough for poor kids in the depression. My mom was always dead set against me fighting, but she was willing to take the money I made. She never wanted me to be a pug, but secretly she was proud when I took her to the dinners and affairs they threw for the Golden Glovers, when she saw my picture in the papers. She was part of the bubble. I’d dream of being champ and buying her a house and a car, telling her I never wanted to see her hit a lick of work again.”

EVEN IN THE amateur days, Ray Robinson was the big name and the others suffered from boxing in his shadow. It was Ray who was always in the headlines — you had to read down a few paragraphs to find out that Cox, Linton, and Levine had also won. “Ray wasn’t to blame for that,” Danny will tell you. “He was always a terrific fighter, has the best reflexes in the business. Ray can do things that would be dead wrong for any other boxer, but because of his super-sharp reflexes, they’re right for Ray. That’s why kids who try to copy Ray’s style usually end up on their backs.”

Danny didn't let the fanfare of amateur boxing interfere with his schooling. He graduated from De Witt Clinton High School, went to Howard University for a year, studying physical education and music. Danny had a fine natural voice and loved music . . . but the bubble was working on him and he decided to turn pro.

As an amateur, Ray Robinson met the late Curt Hormann of the R & H Beer family. A boxing *aficionado*, Hormann was infatuated with Robinson's skill, treated Ray better than he could a son. When Ray turned pro, Hormann was his manager and Gainsford his trainer. Soon Buddy Moore and Cox joined Ray. While Hormann was able to get main events and good paying bouts for Sugar Ray, he didn't pay much attention to the others in his stable. "Curt was a good guy," Danny says, "but strictly a rich man playing at being a fight manager — it was all a hobby to him. He was the kind of guy who wouldn't bother taking his cut from my small bouts. We could eat at the Mimo Club (then a swank Harlem nite spot) and he'd pick up the tab at the end of the month. He was a fine friend but not so good for me as a manager. When I'd ask Curt to get me a decent fight, he'd slip me fifty bucks and tell me to wait. That's a nice way to become a charity case, not a fighter. Hormann got me fourteen pro fights, all against

Negroes and all tough heavyweights. Looking back now, I can see that it wasn't all his fault. It's tough to get good matches.

"This may sound strange, but I didn't find much discrimination in the fight game. Now and then a hopped-up fan made a crack. Once when the Golden Gloves team was in a Chicago hotel we had to stage a sit-down strike in the lobby before the white elevator operators would take us up. Same thing happened in a Boston hotel, too. The Ring isn't a feather bed of democracy, either, but a guy soon gets racial hatreds knocked out of his head. But about Hormann, I felt I wasn't getting anywhere under him. So did the others."

Buddy Moore was the first to break away from Hormann. Then they all left, Ray Robinson finally buying up his contract. Gainsford became their manager, but George had turned pro with Robinson, so to speak, and while he knew all there was to know about boxing, he didn't have those all-important connections, couldn't get good bouts. Out of a sense of loyalty and friendship, the fighters stuck with George, but they found themselves on the outside looking in. Sugar Ray of the flashing fists and dancing feet was still the big name, and although rated the best fighter of the day, pound for pound, even Ray waited long before getting a shot at the championship.

PROFESSIONAL LEATHER slinging was far different than amateur fighting, as Cox soon found out. Although Gainsford still calls Danny, "As good a prospect as I've ever seen," and although a 1942 issue of *Ring Magazine*, the bible of boxing, listed Danny as one of the outstanding new fighters, Cox found it difficult to get fights meaning anything in either prestige or money.

"In 1941 when I turned pro, I started off in great style. My first bout was a main event," Danny recalls, with a smile. "It was some outdoor arena in Brooklyn or Long Island and big Abe Simon was in the main go. But they couldn't find gloves large enough for him, so they cancelled that and moved me into the main event. I think the attendance was too small for Abe to bother with. I won the bout — my first pro fight, my first main event. The bubble was very large and shiny that night. During the next two years I fought every few weeks, but in places like Fall River, Scranton, Elizabeth, where you hardly made more than carfare. Most of these bouts were not only on short notice, but I was always fighting jokers ten, twenty, and thirty pounds heavier. Sure, I had a nice following, a big name — in Scott Hall, Elizabeth, N. J., not in Madison Square Garden where pay day means something.

"In October 1942 I got my greetings from the U.S.A. but was dis-

charged in the middle of '43 — I had a sinus condition. Things looked good in the pug world. The war had supposedly made fighters scarce, and I thought I'd get lots of work. But I still had to beg for bouts and sing with bands between fights to earn a buck. I took work as sparring partner for Lou Nova, Abe Simon, Buddy Baer — got ten bucks a day."

(The late Hype Igoe, then dean of sports writers, wrote: "Cox worked with Buddy Baer for the first time yesterday and he went around the California giant like a whippet encircling a *sequoia gigantea*, the same being Buddy's native redwood tree.")

"Sparring isn't fooling — a lot of it is real fighting. I once cracked Lou Nova's rib and ruined a fight he had coming up with Gus Lesnevich. Marcel Cerdan once said American fighters did too much sparring and left their fight in the gym. Maybe he was right. Fellows like Gus Levine and Al Linton used up plenty of steam in daily sparring sessions with Ray."

A tragic year for Danny was 1943. On Labor Day the Congressional Limited cracked up on the trip from Washington to New York, and among the victims was Mrs. Mildred Cox. As ex-Golden Glover Gus Levine (now assistant manager of Sugar Ray's Bar) said, "His mother's death took a lot out of Danny. Guess that was the only real beating he ever took."

Danny struggled along, waiting for his break, the fight that would make him, and finally the bout with Lee Oma seemed to be "it." A win over Oma and the big money would have to pay attention to Danny Cox. His thumb ruined that. *If* his thumb hadn't been broken, Danny might be where Joe Walcott is now. *IF*. All told Cox had had some 54 pro bouts during his three years of fighting for bucks instead of for medals.

WHEN HE QUIT the ring Danny wanted to return to college, but found he didn't have enough time due him under the G.I. Bill, so he picked up whatever odd jobs were open to ex-pugs and started taking civil service exams. He acted as guard in a New Jersey shipyard, and quit after flattening three men who called him a "black s.o.b." when he wouldn't let them in the yard. He worked as a bouncer at the famed Savoy Ballroom — ("They had a fancy name for it, called us 'floor men.'") — worked as a mechanic, and elevator operator. For a time in 1946 he was a temporary New York City cop and still is on the list. He worked also as a guard for a private detective agency, and as a special cop at the Riverton Housing Project, where he received a commendation from the New York City Police Department for aiding in the capture of three hold-up men. Of course,

whenever possible, Danny picked up singing jobs, and for a time he ran an "after-hours" night spot. Since 1950 Danny has been a railway clerk — or change maker — on the 8th Avenue subway.

When asked what he thinks is *the* important factor for success in the ring, Danny snaps, "Connections. Unless a manager has an 'in,' the ring is a heart-breaker. You only have those few years in which to make it and it's frustrating as hell to stand by, wasting that valuable time — time that can never be regained. Without connections you can train your heart out and get no place. And training, the daily grind, is the 'job' part of boxing, actual fighting is fun. I don't play cards or gamble, but when two guys get into that ring and that bell rings, well, that's the biggest gamble of all. It's just the two of you in there and you look over at the other guy and wonder which one of you will come out standing up.

"Connections are everything. There's several pugs I could mention who have only fair ability, yet they get big bout after big bout, where other guys with real stuff can't get a fight in a big city. Guess when I was an amateur I thought it would be like the movies — if you showed them the stuff you got your chance. It isn't like that. Just like the movies always make managers out as crooks. Of course it is true that fighters usually wind up broke and the man-

agers end up with some coin, and fighters come and go but managers go on forever. But most of the managers I knew and saw were average guys — far as honesty went.

"George (Gainsford) is a swell guy, a great trainer, and he tried his best for me. Like in wrestling, you got to have an angle to commercialize on. Take Carnera and his size, or Yogi Lou Nova and his cosmic ray punch. That brings in the fans, the bucks. George had plenty of ideas. He took Gus Coen, a Negro, and figured since everybody pronounced it Cohen, he'd call him Gus Cohen Levine, the 'Fighting Black Jew.' That was smart. Because I sang and hung out with show people, he tried to tag me as a glamour boy — a la Maxie Baer. George tried hard. Instead of riding the wave with Ray, the rest of us seemed to get lost in the back wash. Guess there's only room up there for one."

ALL TOLD Danny figures he made about \$15,000 in the ring. His largest purse was \$1200, his smallest — \$37. As a singer he made from \$60 to \$75 a week, when he worked. "Fighters as a rule like to spend their dough fast, part of their training seems to be reaching for the tab," Danny says with a shrug. "Mickey Walker, Dempsey, Louis, Beau Jack, Maxie Baer, and others, spent most of their dough being 'good sports.' A fighter earns it the

hard way and ought to hang on to every nickel. I was a pro for almost four years, and when I had it I spent it as fast as the next sucker. There's a gag about a certain fighter who has become a ring and business institution — they claim when he says his prayers he won't add Amen because he doesn't want God to get it all. The hangers-on may low-rate this guy for being stingy — but his bank book sure makes wonderful reading!"

Over the bar at Sugar Ray's, little Gus Levine (about 140 pro and amateur bouts, Golden Glove Flyweight champ in 1940-41) said, "Danny was one of the cleverest big men I've ever seen. He wasn't too strong, or real big, but he never took a beating. Sometimes they'd catch him off guard before he'd warmed up, floor him, but nobody ever really whipped Cox. If Danny was fighting now, he'd make good money — the guys he fought may not have been famous but they were a rough bunch — Johnny Colon, Ted Lowery, Herbie Katz, Wallace Cross were better than most of the big boys fighting now."

"Danny never cared about the other guy's weight; there wasn't much money in the light heavy class so he fought heavies. He wasn't rugged enough to get away with it. Danny played a little, thought he could make it by singing, too. Always had a ringside full of girls watching him. He tried to keep tab

on a chorus girl friend of his and fight, too. That didn't work out.

"But it was lack of openings that beat Danny, made him lose interest in the game. Danny fought in and out of shape. That wasn't his fault — you can't keep in top fighting shape *all* the time and Danny had to take fights where he could find them. Many times we'd find Danny singing in a night club in the early morning hours, tell him to go home and get some shut-eye — he was fighting that night.

"I'd say it wasn't so much that Danny got bad breaks. Trouble was he never got any good ones. All good fighters don't end up champs or with a pile of that green stuff," Gus adds wistfully.

JUST THIRTY YEARS old, Danny follows the sport pages and still has sporadic dreams. Sometimes he thinks of Walcott and Braddock who made comebacks when well past their youth and prime. Now and then Danny does a little road work, punches a bag at a Bronx gym. "Just to keep in shape," he tells himself.

But sometimes those bubbles start fermenting, come to the surface again, and as Danny spars with nickels and dimes he wonders if he can still make the big money. Unmarked, in good health, with the security of a civil service job, Danny is afraid to take a chance on those bubbles breaking again. This time the strain might be too much.

Why A Southerner Should Vote Republican

William Bradford Huie

ONCE IT IS conceded among thoughtful men that defeat for the Democratic Party in 1952 is necessary if the two-party system is to be preserved, the first problem becomes the South. For how can we ever again defeat a Democrat for the Presidency if the South is to continue casting 120-odd captive electoral votes? How can the nation be safeguarded from one-partyism so long as one-fourth of it remains one-party? So long as the South is their prisoner, the self-styled Liberals have a decisive advantage: they have the support not only of Northern and Southern Liberals but also of Southern conservatives.

A solution to this problem depends not on recrimination but on understanding; and for the young American who wants to understand political realities, here is a brief history lesson.

In 1861-65 the United States of America fought a war against the

Southern Confederacy; and after victory the United States occupied the South, just as we occupied Japan and a portion of Germany after victory in 1945. But there was a vast difference between the occupation policies of 1865 and 1945.

In 1945 there were Vindictives in America — the Morgenthau Planners — who wanted to permanently wreck the German economy and reduce Germany to a “poor, agrarian state.” But these Vindictives were restrained, and from the first day of our occupation of both Germany and Japan our objective has been to repair and restore. We have poured in millions for relief and restitution, and we propose to end the occupations as soon as possible.

But in 1865 the Vindictives had their way. They imposed an eleven-year military occupation on the South; and far from aiding the South to recover, they invited thieves and rascals to pillage it. Only those of us who have seen the Russians pillage a German or Manchurian countryside can appreciate what the South experienced.

This is the second of a series of excerpts from *How To Be A Republican — and Enjoy It!*, to be published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce in March 1952.

These Vindictives who tried to make sure that the South would remain "an impoverished, agrarian state" were Republicans; and even after they had ended their military occupation, these Republicans continued, until 1900, to elect only South-hating war veterans to the Presidency — buckos who could wave the "bloody shirt" at every convention.

Moreover, from 1900 to 1936, the Republican Party lent itself to those who wanted to protect Northern industry from Southern competition. With such devices as Pittsburgh Plus and discriminatory freight rates, the Republican-controlled Federal government impeded the industrialization of the South. And all the bleeding hearts who found purpose and/or money in denouncing the South over the "Negro Problem" were welcomed to the Republican ranks.

In the South itself, of course, all but a few of those who admitted to being Republicans were thieves and rascals, either black or white, who fattened off federal patronage and off the sale of their convention ballots, usually to the Ohio Gang.

Under these conditions, up until about 1936, there was no reason why any decent Southerner, on either sight or sound of a Republican, should react in any other way than to hiss and draw his switch-bladed knife.

In the various Southern states

conservatives and liberals squared off in an effective two-party system within the one party; but nationally not even the blackest Southern reactionary could offer more than an occasional prayer or dollar to the Republican Party: he certainly couldn't walk out and give it a bare-faced vote.

As a ninth-generation Southerner, I can think of no reason why a decent, God-fearing Southern white man should have cast a Republican vote between 1856 and 1936. Except maybe in 1928 if your granddaddy had hated the Church of Rome more than he had hated the thievin' Yankee carpetbaggers.

The Democratic Party was the party of protest in America; from 1865 to 1936 the South had plenty to protest against; so Southerners, quite properly for them, voted Democratic.

What the New Deal Meant to the South

In 1952 there won't be any tendency in the South to look back to the good old days before Franklin Roosevelt. The good old days in the South ended at Gettysburg and didn't start again until 1933. In 1933, with the aid of Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt, the South began getting back a little of what the thievin' Yankees had stolen from us with all their devices for economic discrimination. The Americans who want to win Southern votes in 1952

by "going back" to something in the Twenties — those gentlemen had better lie low and let some of the rest of us do the talking.

The New Deal has meant simple economic justice to the South. If the textile mills have moved from New England to the Carolinas, it may mean temporary hardship in New England, but who can deny that the Carolinas is the more logical location? There was a time when Southern cotton moved to the English Midlands to be processed; then it moved to Massachusetts; and now it is processed where it is grown.

In 1918 the Federal government completed a power dam at Muscle Shoals, Alabama. The dam was to generate power — but only in wartime; in peacetime it was to be kept in lubricated idleness. As a boy I used to look at the idle dam and wonder why, in a power-hungry area, the dam couldn't properly generate its electricity in peacetime as well as in wartime.

Franklin Roosevelt eliminated such nonsense as this from the American economy, and today the dams in the Tennessee River do more than furnish power for the manufacture of atom bombs and B-29s: the river also supplies power to light farmhouses and wash clothes. The South today is healthy and the nation is healthier for it. Even the South's "Negro Problem," which was always basically an economic

problem, has been transferred to Los Angeles, Chicago, Detroit, Buffalo and New York.

The South today, in fact, is so healthy that Southerners can now afford to be reasonable, not just emotional, in our national thinking. We can be charitable with Eleanor Roosevelt; we can chuckle either with her or at her, while acknowledging our gratitude to her; and as for Franklin Roosevelt, we can erect monuments to him while, at the same time, we try to understand his mistakes.

The South today is in a position to relax as an equal with the rest of the nation; therefore the South must now assume more responsibility for the national welfare.

The South's Case Against The Democrats

As long as the Democratic Party was a minority party and chiefly Southern, the South exercised some control over it through the two-thirds rule in the convention. But once the party had become the national majority party, the South lost the two-thirds rule and thereby lost its voice in the selection of Presidential candidates.

Where is the Southerner in the Truman Gang today? Not a single member of Truman's cabinet is a Southerner; and no Southerner has a chance for even the vice-presidential nomination in 1952.

Most of the South-haters in the

country, including the professional Negroes, have become pillars in the Democratic Party, with far more influence in the party than any Southern group. In the 1948 convention an opportunistic little blatherskite from Minnesota named Humphrey wielded more influence than the combined Southern delegations.

In New York City members of the Democratic Party have succeeded in throwing out of the public libraries books by Southerners like Will Percy, of Mississippi. Percy, as is known to every reasonable American who has read his poetry or his *Lanterns on the Levee*, was one of the gentlest and most civilized citizens this nation has produced; he was incapable of ill-feeling toward any man; but his books have been thrown out of New York libraries because he wrote of Negroes as he knew them. Most of the damn fools in America have now deserted the Republican Party and have become militant Democrats.

Even in the 1944 Democratic convention, while Roosevelt was still alive, the South had little influence. Sidney Hillman, representing the CIO clothing workers' union, had more influence than all the Southern delegations combined; it was Hillman who had the power to veto Jimmy Byrnes for vice-president and thus deliver the Presidency to Harry Truman.

The Southern white electorate

is generally respectful of religion — particularly Protestant religion; it is Anglo and homogenous; it is patriotic and fiercely anti-totalitarian; it suspects all power; and it has a generally philosophical view toward the goodness and cussedness in men. Even the growing Negro electorate in the South will probably be more responsible — certainly less deliverable — than the Negro vote in Northern cities.

Then what can this Southern electorate have in common with the great Northern pressure groups which now dominate the Democratic Party?

The South has rarely produced a white Communist or Socialist, so what can the South have in common with Mr. Dean Acheson, the Fabian Socialist who worked for the recognition of Soviet Russia and of Red China?

The South liked David Lilienthal while he was giving efficient management to the TVA; but what does the South have in common with the Lilienthal and his supporters who insisted on granting government scholarships in atomic energy to known Communists?

The South is for progress; it concedes the propriety of employing government to dam rivers, to insure crops, and to remove monopolistic restrictions like Pittsburgh Plus. But the South is fiercely individualistic; so what can it have in common with the great pressure groups in

the North who want Socialism, at best, with its inevitable totalitarianism to follow?

The Three Choices For The South

Now that the South has become economically healthy; and now that the two national parties have shed their sectional qualities; there are three courses open to the thoughtful Southerner who takes seriously his new national responsibility.

1. The thoughtful Southerner can continue to vote Democratic with the purpose of "getting more for the South."

This is the position of many Southern Congressmen. However much they may distrust the other factions which make up the Democratic coalition, Southern Congressmen find it expedient to cooperate with these factions in the profitable pastime of raiding the treasury. The South still can use money for education, old age pensions, roads, rivers, agriculture, and social security, so why should a Congressman jeopardize his district's share of such largesse by taking an independent or "national" position?

In Washington today there is no profit in criticism; the profit is in cooperation.

But this is no honorable position for a responsible Southerner. Unless the government of the United States can discipline itself in the matter of spending, the nation must inevitably

fall into totalitarianism. And if the homogenous South can't discipline its demands on the Federal government, then where can we look for discipline?

2. The thoughtful Southerner can cooperate in some strategem like the Dixiecrat movement of 1948 or the Mundt Plan for 1952.

The Dixiecrat movement succeeded in denying thirty-nine electoral votes to Truman in 1948, but it was a movement properly doomed to failure. It was the work of men who prefer to resist a reality instead of adjusting to it. The reality for Dixiecrats is that their cherished Democratic Party is now a national party; the two-thirds rule can never be restored; the South can never again dominate or even exert much influence on the Democratic Party; and the Southerners who don't like it can only knuckle under or get out.

The leader of the "Democrats" in this country is Harry Truman; the philosophy of the party is dictated by labor leaders and by Socialist professors; the Democratic Party is now the vehicle — and the proper national vehicle — for the socialist factions; it is the American Labor Party; and the only honest course for any Southerner who doesn't like that company is to get out and find another party.

There is nothing hopeful in the efforts of Senator Mundt and his Committee to Explore Political

Realignment, because they, too, are resisting a *fait accompli*. There is no longer any significant struggle between Liberals and Conservatives for control of the Democratic Party. The party is now a clearly defined group of Americans who have a common goal: the collectivization of the United States. These Americans are not satisfied with periodic New Deals; they want more taxes, more government spending, more inflation, more government responsibility and less individual responsibility.

The capture of the Democratic Party by the collectivists can have a clarifying effect. Let them have it. We can now have a clear division between the Americans who want more government, more taxes, and more spending, and those Americans who choose to resist this trend.

The Dixiecrats and the Mundt Planners are only delaying the clarification.

3. The thoughtful Southerner who is conservative can now move out of the Democratic Party, reform the Republican Party in his state, and try to convert the national Republican Party into a dynamic, progressive, and intelligent vehicle for conservative expression.

The Republican Party is now a comparatively honest party for American independents. It contains no large deliverable blocks of votes. It is made up of home owners or of working people who aspire to own

their own homes. Republicans, by and large, believe in paying their debts and in discharging their individual responsibilities to their families and to their communities.

The Republican Party is far more homogeneous than the Democratic. Its biggest division is between the so-called nationalists and the internationalists — the “isolationists” and the “interventionists.” In this division most conservative Southerners will naturally ally themselves with the “internationalists,” for there has never been any isolationist sentiment in the South. The South was for the First World War as early as 1916; it was for the Second War as early as 1938.

In the debate between supporters of Senator Taft and supporters of General Eisenhower, the Southerner can move with little heat. The average Southerner probably has some reservations about Senator Taft’s alleged “pacifism,” but either Taft or Eisenhower could easily be accepted by most thoughtful Southerners.

The old days when the Republican Party was dominated by a “Wall Street” which discriminated against the South are gone. The Democratic Party has long since become the party of Big Business; the great fortunes of the last twenty years have been made by Democrats manipulating government influence and government money; the Republican Party is now the party

only of individuals who are reasonably solvent or who aspire, largely through their own efforts, to become solvent.

In Congress, Southerners have now had several years to learn that the best friends of the South are not Northern Democrats but Northern Republicans. A statesman of stature like Senator George, of Georgia, has far more respect for a Republican like Senator Millikan, of Colorado, than for a Democrat like MacMahon, of Connecticut.

The Northern Democrats hate the South; they are elected to Congress by South-haters; while the Northern Republicans have long since lost their hatred of the South and have turned to Southerners as allies against the collectivist threat.

The way of hope for the thoughtful Southerner today is to cut free from a Democratic Party which has been captured by his ideological enemies, and which, if unrestrained, will lead this nation into bankruptcy and totalitarianism.



Rudolph Halley's COMET

Lee Mortimer

ANY NEW FORM of public expression like television is bound to create, overnight, new stars singularly fitted to the medium. If you were to poll any average group of people on the subject of who is the chief beneficiary of video's bright upsurge, you would probably find the votes split up among Milton Berle, Dagmar, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, General MacArthur and the photogenic Senators, Kefauver and Tobey. I take a somewhat peculiar view of the matter, however. I tend to discount the claims of the foregoing because, with the sole exception of Dagmar, they all have managed to attract a good deal of attention without the aid of the coaxial cable. And even Dagmar was in possession of a couple of outstanding attributes that

made her pretty conspicuous before she stepped in front of the studio cameras.

I have, as you may have gathered, my own personal candidate, and it is that flaring comet in the New York political skies, Rudolph Halley, formerly first chief counsel for the much discussed Kefauver committee and now a candidate for the presidency of the august Council of the city of New York. TV really came to the aid of Rudolph. It enabled him to parlay a speech impediment, a thick pair of glasses, and an annoying personality into a national reputation as a fearless, two-fisted crusader. Television dramatized the prominent Halley features. The sandpaper voice and glinting glasses seemed to be doing something to the

nervous criminals. He certainly looked more like the scourge of the underworld than any of the other feature players.

And of course, the newspapers took up where television left off. The stuff that was printed was right in line with the TV image and just about as real. The fact that reporters were willing to paint the picture and editors to buy it is a serious indictment against the present-day American press. Newspapers have become increasingly dominated by a gang of delicately mannered, pipe-smoking graduates of the tonier schools of journalism and the widows, daughters and sons-in-law of doting millionaires who regard the press as a harmless plaything for their troublesome kin. This new crew doesn't think it is nice to turn over rocks, even to get the lowdown on one of the most amazing and ominous, if not exactly inspiring, Cinderella stories of the year.

UNTIL KEFAUVER retained Rudy to serve as counsel for the Senate Crime Investigating Committee, he was as unknown to the public as he was to the legal profession. The lawyers who were acquainted with him regarded him as a fairly bright hack but no one, possibly not even himself, ever considered Halley a likely candidate for high office. Though it has become popular to call him a child prodigy — and he was graduated from law school at the

tender age of 20 — he did not set the bar or nation on fire. World War II found him, while still in his twenties, serving his country in an ill-paid role as one of several assistant counsels to the Truman committee, and after Truman had become President, Halley became chief counsel of Truman's old committee.

The chief counsel of the Truman committee during its heyday was a plump, unctuous, New York lawyer named Hugh Fulton who had served as assistant to the late Frank Murphy when Murphy was Attorney-General. Fulton's probe into the letting of war contracts never happened to touch the Missouri gang. It also succeeded in not discommoding any of the "right" people although much heat and noise ensued about the misdeeds of a few soulless corporations owned by Wall Street "malefactors of great wealth." A few days after the trick of fate which put the little man from Missouri into the White House, Hugh gave notice to the New York papers that he expected to be the new President's chief legal adviser.

In contemplation of that happy event and the lavish profits that were bound to accrue, Fulton decided to expand his firm and take in a third partner. The sign painters quickly went to work and changed the gilt lettering on the doors from simply Fulton and Walter to read Fulton, Walter and Halley. The new triumvirate did not have to go out

and chase clients. Business rolled in like a tidal wave. Many companies (some of them on the opposite side of the political fence) beseeched the partners to accept healthy retainers. Brokerage and investment houses seemed particularly anxious to induce Fulton and Halley to keep them on the right side of Securities Exchange Commission.

Halley shared in the rich pickings and blossomed out in the sunlight of prosperity. Because of his unprepossessing personality, Halley had long suffered from a sense of inferiority which he tried to smother by becoming a Broadway playboy, a role nature did not exactly design him for. He never did quite succeed in making the grade despite a couple of marriages and divorces which the press doesn't mention. His newfound wealth and glory drove him to even greater lengths in his pursuit of the fleeting will-o-the-wisp of Main Stem notoriety. He seemed to be hellbent on acquiring a reputation as a legal Tommy Manville, turning up suitably attired in the company of at least one blonde, and sometimes two, in Gotham's hot spots and the sunkist beaches of Atlantic City and Miami. Strangely enough, his business did not seem to suffer in the slightest.

One of the best-paying early clients was the fabulous Howard Hughes, whose mysterious fiscal dealings with Uncle Sam were under investigation during the brief period

when the Republicans controlled Congress. Telephone tapings, disclosed later, indicated the amount of pressure brought to bear by the young attorneys to get their multimillionaire client off the hook, especially in connection with a little matter of feminine introductions, entertainment and cash disbursals for one Brigadier General Elliot Roosevelt who represented the Army Air Force in negotiations with Hughes.

In any other case, the testimony elicited from Hughes, Roosevelt and Hughes's tab-picker, Johnny Meyer, would have brought about at least a grand jury investigation and, probably a court martial. But Fulton and Halley were said to know where certain bodies were buried, and everybody concerned, including the Republican solons conducting the probe, lost interest in it.

Another client, which enriched our hero to the extent of \$31,000 for legal services, was the Hudson and Manhattan railroad for which Halley served as general and special counsel from January, 1949 until March, 1950.

The H and M, an electric railroad which connects New York and New Jersey suburbs, was legally hijacked in 1946 from the Wall Street group that controlled it by a syndicate backed by cash put up by the Pennsylvania Exchange bank, a financial institution which was, curiously enough, shown, in the Kefauver hearings, to be dominated by former

bootleggers. If the committee had wanted a perfect example of underworld infiltration into legitimate business, the tortuous, stock-voting history of the H & M railroad could have become People's exhibit No. 1. The members chose to ignore it in their report, although all five senators were reported to have been acquainted with the shennanigans.

It was common gossip in banking circles that a group of men which included, among others, Abner "Longie" Zwillman, noted Jersey gang boss, Louis "Dutch Goldberg" Shomberg, one time "impartial arbitrator" of the underworld, Joe Massei and other members of Detroit's infamous Purple Gang, had obtained voting control of the H & M through a stock market coup. They then elected a new board of directors and officers. The various shares were voted by men whose records could not stand publicity as those of Passannante and Di Gaetano could. The names of the real owners were hidden by having the stock listed in other names but actually held for them. Zwillman later testified under oath that he was a security holder and one former director has since been indicted.

The new group was sitting pretty. The H & M had large cash bank deposits and owned the Hudson Terminal buildings located in New York's financial district where prop-

erty is valued at thousands an inch. And it had only cost them \$250,000. They had, however, made one fatal mistake — they had neglected to buy up 50 percent of the stock. A group of sharp-shooting investors noticed that H & M stock was undervalued and quietly began to pick it up. The prospect of this new invasion was not exactly pleasing. The directors are reported to have sought advice from Ferdinand Pecora, then a New York Supreme Court Justice, famous for his investigation of Wall Street a generation ago.

Pecora recommended that the H & M hire his little-known protege, Rudolph Halley. Halley, he said, had valuable Washington connections. Rudy was hired and one of his first actions was to get the H & M a fifty percent rate rise from the Interstate Commerce Commission. Then he set out in earnest to fight the proxy war which was disrupting the company as now one faction seemed to be winning only to be outvoted at the next meeting. Halley's name appeared on one proxy petition along with the names of representatives of the faction with which the gangsters voted. The issue was finally settled when the new group showed up with a majority of the shares.

Wherever it was feasible, the new management forced members of the suspect group off the board of directors and out of company offices and managed to buy up much of their

stock. Several thousand shares, however, are still owned by the old syndicate and a few of its members have not been kicked out of management, possibly because they can not be. The new group also dispensed with the services of Halley, a dismissal which turned out to be a godsend for the rising young attorney as he walked from H & M right into the U.S. Senate.

WHEN KEFAUVER GOT his bill through the Senate, he discovered he had a lion by the tail. The administration was still in the dark about the freshman Senator from Tennessee and did not want to take the chance that he might turn out to be dangerously sincere. To forestall this awful possibility, the White House decided it was necessary to secure a counsel for the incipient Committee who would be one of the faithful. Mystery man David Niles suggested to Kefauver that he seek advice from Pecora "who ought to know about probers because he was one of the greatest." The Tennessee savant either did not know or chose to overlook the fact that Pecora, along with a number of local jurists, had attended Frank Costello's celebrated party at the Copacabana.

By now, recommending Halley was a habit with Pecora. Rudy was interviewed and duly hired amid paeans of praise for his patriotism in sacrificing his valuable time for a

paltry \$6000 a year. Later, with much less publicity, this amount was raised to \$17,500 a year plus expenses, with at least one of his relatives on the payroll at a salary in excess of \$200 a week. Not publicized either was a special Act of Congress which permitted Halley to retain his \$70,000 a year private practice while employed by the Government. Having heard that in our book, Jack Lait and I were planning to go more fully into the H & M story, Kefauver sent an emissary to New York to ask me to meet with Halley and talk things over. Being wise in the use of concealed "bugs," I picked the place — the famed corner table at El Morocco. There were four of us, Halley and I and two others.

Our conversation boiled down to this: I asked Halley if he was going to investigate the H & M and he said, "No. It wouldn't be fair to a former client." I asked him about his present client — the United States of America. He had no answer to that. But he likes to talk and brag and, without thinking, he admitted he knew — while employed as counsel for the road and because of that employment — that gangster money was invested in the company.

A few days later the former publisher of a racing tip-sheet also attempted to intercede for Halley. I was then visited by a fixer for a liquor company who likewise spoke in Halley's behalf.

I will say this for Kefauver: he did begin to regret his choice of Halley, though whether he disliked his personality and conduct or because he was afraid the lawyer would steal his thunder, I do not know. However, during the summer and fall of 1950, Kefauver frequently asked me, in front of friends of mine, to suggest someone else. This was also the subject of some correspondence between us. But as the tempo of the investigations and the favorable publicity increased, Estes either became reconciled to Halley or the word went out from the powerhouse on Pennsylvania Avenue.

Eventually, the investigation, under Halley's careful nursing, was turned into a memorable three-ring circus which proved nothing that was not already known. Meanwhile, the chief result of the hearings was to ruin many carefully prepared cases against major criminals which were about to be brought to trial. Important prosecutions, especially for income taxes, take years to work up. It took more than five years to get Capone. A minor miscreant like Enoch "Nucky" Johnson engaged the attentions of Uncle Sam's best sleuths for almost a decade before they were able to jail him. The amateur gumshoes hired by Halley and armed with his subpoenas walked into Federal agencies, rifled secret files and spilled information on open cases, tipping the government's hand.

As a result of the peculiar line Halley's quizzing of Frank Costello took, the Treasury has been forced to shelve a proposed criminal prosecution. Because Costello was forced to testify, he is not apt to be put in jeopardy for anything he did up to and including the day he left the witness stand. Some honest Treasury agents had been working on him since 1937 and were prepared to smash his personal empire. Now he can in all probability only be sued for back taxes, or at the worst, suffer a mild rap for "contempt" — a misdemeanor. It is also common knowledge around New York's Federal building that more than \$100,000 was passed by persons unknown to persons unknown to get results. Intelligence agents are convinced that information concerning Costello and other mobsters in the government's special secret files was relayed to the criminals after the hearings.

In the wake of the hearings, at least three men lost their lives. The most well-known was Bill Drury, Chicago police captain fired from the world's most crooked force because he was too honest. Drury knew more about the workings of the underworld than the committee has yet learned. He offered to give his information to the committee and Kefauver was inclined to put Drury to work as an investigator. But Halley vehemently vetoed the proposition in front of me. When Drury was rejected for an official

post, he volunteered to tell what he knew as a witness. But Rudolph, out of superior wisdom, brushed him off. When Drury finally managed to contact a representative of the committee, he outlined, over the phone, some of the facts he expected to testify about.

Within 72 hours, Bill Drury was ambushed and assassinated. Marshall Field's pro-Democratic, pro-Kefauver paper, the Chicago *Sun-Times* charged that Drury had been liquidated because of a leak on the committee. Jack Lait and I knew what that leak was. We communicated our knowledge to Kefauver unofficially. He did nothing about it. Though we are newspapermen and not cops, we publicly challenged the Senator to subpoena us. We were never called or invited, despite the fact, among others, that we had been in constant communication with Drury before his death.

A few days before his murder, Drury had called me long distance to tell me about his experience with the Kefauver representative. One of the things he mentioned was that he had discovered a link between the interests who muscled into the Hudson & Manhattan and had then been pried loose themselves and interests which were taking over traction lines in cities throughout the country, one of the operations having been an unsuccessful attempt to chisel into a large bus operating company. Drury claimed that he had told this to

the Kefauver representative, momentarily forgetting that the chief counsel of the committee had represented the H & M during its palmy underworld days. Drury wondered what effect, if any, the information would have on his being called, if he was to be called, before the committee.

A few days later he was dead.

At least two other informants are also dead. All investigative agencies protect their sources but Halley made a practice of putting those who brought him information on the stand. It made a good show. It also tipped off the mobs.

BUT, THEN, THE COMMITTEE'S method of selection has always been a bit peculiar. Despite numerous appeals from citizens in the District of Columbia demanding that the committee turn its sights near home, Halley steadfastly held to the opinion that there was no crime in Washington. It is just as well he did. A probe of the capitol might have made it necessary to question some clients of Joseph W. Burns. Numbered among those clients were many accused and some convicted of precisely the kind of activities the committee was set up to investigate and check. Many of Burns's clients came to him on the recommendation of Charlie Ford, attorney of record for many top-flight Washington gamblers. Ford appeared before the committee for gangster Charlie

Fischetti's wife; he is also the executor of the estate of the late Jimmy Fontaine, former Maryland crime boss.

Mr. Burns has offices at 1411 Pennsylvania Avenue. Mr. Halley also has offices at that address. The Washington phone directory gives Burns's phone number as NA 2560. NA 2560 is also the phone number of Rudolph Halley.

WHILE RUDY WAS becoming a public idol, neither he nor his partners were neglecting their profitable law business. The customers were still streaming through the portals. One of their more distinguished recent clients was the late George A. Richards, who was cited by the Federal Communications Commission to show cause that his three radio stations should not lose their licenses because of their owner's alleged anti-Semitic policies. While still employed by the committee, Halley, along with Hugh Fulton, appeared as counsel of record for the defendant — who was accused by the FCC of having issued directives to his employees which included such statements as, "Get these goddam Jew bastards," and "Harvard Jew son-of-a-bitches trying to control and run this country."

During the case, the Halley law firm was roundly excoriated in Congress and by the FCC for charging that the Commission was dominated

by Communists. Speaking about the tactics of the firm, Congressman Moulter said, "There is no doubt in my mind that if this hearing were judicial . . . (this) . . . conduct would constitute at least a violation of the code of ethics which Fulton as a lawyer is sworn to observe. More than that, in a judicial proceeding it would be contempt of court."

But Moulter's words were mild compared to the manner in which the FCC lit into Halley and his partner: "The false and deceitful nature of the assertions of applicant's counsel concerning our suppression of evidence is proven by the overwhelming amount of evidence showing the full knowledge of the applicant's counsel on this whole subject."

The Commission added: "Applicant's counsel connived in the falsification of the facts on the question of what recordings of KMPC newscasts had actually been resurfaced."

The usually staid Commission then characterized the tactics of the Fulton-Halley firm: "The flagrant deceit in these assertions of applicant's counsel is truly shocking."

The oddest feature of the entire affair is that while Halley's law firm was thus embroiled with the FCC (Halley himself appeared before it at least once in connection with this case) Rudy's constant blonde companion was Miss Frieda Hennock, the only female member of the Commission and a very stunning looking woman, even if she is a lawyer. Need-

less to say, Miss Hennock was not the one who lambasted the charming, well-connected counsel for the defense. Since then, Miss Hennock has been nominated by Truman to be a U.S. District Judge for the Southern district of New York, the first woman to be so honored. At this writing, Senate confirmation is being delayed because of the vigorous opposition of the New York and American Bar Associations. Frieda, like Rudy, is also a protege of Judge Pecora, whose confidante she was for many years.

Halley, himself, had been promised the first open federal judgeship in New York but he yielded up his rights to the lovely and striking Frieda. A gallant gesture! Of course, his acceptance would also have interfered with his lucrative law practice and prevented him from taking on a \$1000 a week television job. But

that didn't cut any ice with a Lothario like Rudy.

In the midst of his variegated activities, Rudy has, without much hope of winning and perhaps chiefly as publicity for the radiant video career now open to him, accepted the nomination of the Liberal Party to run in this fall's election for President of the City Council, second most important job in New York. He is in good company. Last year the Liberal Party backed Pecora in a Mayoralty campaign in which it was charged and never disproved that he was Frank Costello's chosen candidate. Halley promised to investigate the three-cornered New York Mayoralty race but somehow never got around to it. Neither did Pecora's name crop up in the hearings though the names of many not quite so friendly with Costello were brought to public notice.

- *In a way everyone was sorry that he was caught*

The CASE of the AMIABLE SWINDLER

IRWIN ROSS

AT THE United Nations, Stanley Clifford Weyman was known as a smooth-talking reporter with a far-flung international background. He had been at the UN for nearly two years before his colleagues discovered how really impressive was his background. Over a 40-year period, simple Stan had been U. S. consul in Morocco, Peruvian ambassador to the United States, Rumanian consul general in New York, Serbian military attaché in Washington, a medical technician in South America, a State Department protocol expert, an officer in the Air Corps, an officer in the Navy and an expert on prison reform.

Weyman's dazzling record had only one flaw: all his posts were self-appointed. For Stanley Clifford Weyman was one of the most imaginative and talented impostors ever to foist himself on a gullible America. The FBI, the State Department, the New York police knew him well — under many names, including his real one: Stephen Weinberg.

Weinberg did not look impressive: a faded little man, with a faded face, in a faded suit. Soft-spoken, easy-going, he had none of the surface flamboyance of the typical confidence man. But he had boundless audacity — plus a talent for using a uniform to good advantage.

His facility as an impostor comes from long practice: he has seldom had any other profession. He was born 60 years ago in a shabby section of Brooklyn, was educated in the local schools and held a few meager jobs while an adolescent. His exploits began modestly: when he was 18 he got himself elected the sole male delegate to the National Woman Suffrage Council. He also acquired an education at the College of Political Tactics in Charleston, S. C. — an institution whose existence has never been clearly established — and he staggered his pals with a Phi Beta Kappa key on his watch chain.

Soon he blossomed forth as U. S. consul designate to Morocco. He

brandished documents attesting to his appointment, but his friends wouldn't finance his passage. Throughout his career he has seemed more interested in collecting honors than in filling his pocket.

The new consul quickly came to grief: he was caught stealing a camera, and was packed away to the state reformatory in Elmira. In June 1913 he was paroled, and by December was back in the jug — for simultaneously impersonating the military attaché of the Serbian Embassy and a U. S. naval lieutenant!

AFTER HIS SECOND parole in March 1915, he acquired a dazzling blue uniform, trimmed with gold lace and topped with epaulets, and an Admiral's hat that sported a plume. Thus attired, he advanced on the Hotel Astor and presented himself as Lt. Commander Ethan Allen Weinberg, Rumanian consul general in New York. He wanted to hold a banquet. Preparations were far advanced before the management's suspicions were aroused. It occurred to someone that Consul Weinberg seemed a little too young for his rôle and his shoes looked shabby. The banquet was canceled.

The Lt. Commander next appeared on deck of the battleship *Wyoming* lying in the Hudson River. The ship's captain took the Rumanian diplomat on a tour of the vessel, and Weinberg grandly repaid the gesture with a banquet for the offi-

cers at another New York hotel. His father, apparently, footed the bill — but a detective crashed the party, and Weinberg was soon returned to jail. He did not emerge again until the end of 1916. During these periodic incarcerations, Weinberg was at one point detailed to a mental hospital for examination. His sanity, however, was confirmed.

Once the United States entered the first World War, Weinberg commissioned himself as Lt. Royale St. Cyr of the Aviation Corps. At about the same time he discovered the limitless joys of the press release — bombarding the newspapers first with the announcement that he was marrying a celebrated movie actress, and later that they were planning a divorce so that they could adopt each other. St. Cyr also got himself involved in a small matter of forgery. When the cops caught up with him the Lieutenant was conducting a formal inspection of the 47th Regiment Armory in Brooklyn. He was soon back in the ranks — at the Blackwell's Island jail.

Weinberg's major phase opened in 1920 when he was 29 years old. His first big opportunity came via a newspaper ad. A New York development company was seeking a doctor to go to Peru to supervise sanitation projects. Among the applicants was Dr. Clifford Wyman, who sauntered in dressed in a naval uniform with service stripes attesting to 18 months of foreign duty. The development

company told the applicants that a physician at Columbia University would interview them and advise the company whom to hire. Three days later the doctor strongly urged the appointment of Dr. Wyman. And Dr. Wyman was immediately hired.

The Columbia man later related what had occurred. When the applicants entered his office, Wyman rushed up to him, wrung his hand and assured him that he was a great admirer of his work. Undismayed by the fervor of the greeting, the good doctor thought that Wyman had been one of his students. Wyman certainly *talked* like a doctor, he recalled — Weinberg had long been a medical fan around Columbia University.

Once he had the job, Weinberg secured a passport as Clifford Crete Weston Wyman and sailed for Lima with a Mrs. Wyman, whom he had acquired somewhere along the way. He installed himself in a palatial home (but neglected to pay the rent), bought a car, and went about his duties. He was admirably successful — through the simple expedient of approving existing conditions and avoiding technical discussions. He was a lavish entertainer, and an altogether popular figure. This serenity endured for six months before the company finally discovered Dr. Wyman's identity. His wife persuaded them to be merciful and not to call the cops.

BACK IN NEW YORK, Weinberg entered an extraordinarily intense period of activity. In July 1921, Princess Fatima of Afghanistan and her three sons arrived in New York. The Princess' bizarre attire, the jewel in her nose and her 42-carat "River of Glory" diamond captured the imagination of a jaded town. The Waldorf Astoria installed her in a lavish suite and local dignitaries reverently called to pay their respects. Among them, naturally, was Dr. Sterling Clifford Wyman, Lt. Commander in the American Navy, emissary and protocol expert of the U. S. State Department. Dr. Wyman, it developed, had a dual mission. He was detailed by the State Department to be the Princess' secretary — an assignment that involved her paying his expenses — and he was also interested in peddling the "River of Glory" diamond. Wyman indicated impressive business affiliations, including a close friendship with J. P. Morgan.

Wyman was given a power-of-attorney to sell the diamond. A few days later, the entire party en-trained for Washington, Dr. Wyman having assured the Princess that President Harding was eager to receive her. Wyman arranged the meeting by calling the State Department, and later, resplendent in the white uniform of a Lt. Commander in the Naval Medical Corps, he grandly performed the introductions at the White House. After posing for

newsreel pictures, Wyman then took the party to meet Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes.

Wyman handled all details of the junket — including honorariums for the reporters and newsreel photographers, which he told the Princess were a customary practice in this country. The Commander also received money to pay the Willard Hotel, a detail he overlooked in the crush of his diplomatic engagements. Back in New York, however, the Princess unaccountably balked at allowing Wyman to have possession of the diamond — which he claimed he could easily sell if he could only take it to Atlantic City. As suddenly as he had appeared, Commander Wyman made a quick exit.

Wyman (now Capt. Rodney Sterling Wyman) next turned his attention to politics. He had great admiration for Mayor Hylan — possibly because of the courtesies extended to Princess Fatima — and at the height of the New York Mayoralty campaign, Weinberg was ensconced at a desk in Democratic campaign headquarters. He had not been appointed to his post. As the story was reconstructed, one day Weinberg had sauntered into the office behind the campaign manager. Seeing the two men together, underlings concluded that Weinberg had been recruited by the boss and they had no objection when he took over a vacant desk and went to work. Weinberg was an assiduous volunteer, arriving at the

office before the other staff members and going through the mail, which generally contained campaign contributions. One of the porters finally became suspicious of him, and the local cops brought Weinberg's political career to a swift end.

Politico Weinberg disappeared from sight, only to re-emerge, a few weeks later, as Dr. Clifford Weyman, secretary to Dr. Adolph Lorenz, the famed "bloodless surgeon" of Vienna who was then visiting New York. Shortly after Dr. Lorenz arrived in New York, Dr. Weyman called on him, explaining that he was an emissary of Dr. Royal S. Copeland, Commissioner of Health. Copeland had delegated him, Weyman said, to be Dr. Lorenz' secretary and to "look after his affairs." Dr. Lorenz was delighted with the gracious offer, and Dr. Weyman was shortly installed at Dr. Lorenz' free clinic at the New York Hospital for Joint Diseases. The clinic immediately lost something of its charitable aspect, for an anonymous telephone call led to the discovery that Dr. Weyman was soliciting gratuities before allowing the impoverished patients to see the great doctor. Dr. Weyman was precipitously retired from his duties.

When the story appeared in the newspapers, one of Princess Fatima's sons recognized Dr. Weyman's picture; the sad tale of the Princess' vicissitudes was then publicized; and Weinberg was eventually arrested for impersonating a Naval officer,

and sentenced to serve two years in the penitentiary.

His incarceration left him with an abiding sense of civic duty. In 1925 he suddenly appeared at Sing Sing as a prison reform expert, protesting the execution of a prisoner. Weinberg created quite a stir — until Warden Lawes recognized him from their Elmira days.

In 1926, when the newspapers reported that Pola Negri had collapsed with grief at the death of Rudolph Valentino, the ever-helpful Dr. Wyman (as he once again spelled it) appeared at her hotel as an old friend of Valentino and was promptly engaged as Negri's physician. From there it was a short step to taking a hand in the funeral arrangements. When the big day came, Dr. Wyman's car — with a police siren — was the first behind the hearse.

A day or two after the funeral, the city's newspapers received a letter from George Ullman, Valentino's business manager, asking that publicity be given to a medical report on Valentino's pre-operative condition — in order to squelch rumors of foul play. In ink, at the bottom of the letter, was penned a note: "This report was concurred in by three reputable surgeons who were consulted this a.m., together with the legal aspects by Sterling C. Wyman, medico-legal expert who was a dear friend of V."

A reporter on the *Brooklyn Eagle* got curious about Dr. Wyman, and

soon the Valentino hoopla came to an end.

UPON EXAMINATION, many of Weinberg's activities were seen to be within the law. For example, he had once appeared at Middlesex University, a new medical school in Massachusetts, in the guise of a New York State Lunacy Commissioner and read a learned paper on "insanity as a defense in crime." On another occasion, in 1927, the FBI learned that Weinberg was driving around New York in a white automobile labeled "Third Pursuit Squadron" and wearing a uniform remarkably similar to an air force officer's, but the U. S. Attorney decided there was insufficient evidence to prosecute. In 1928, however, Weinberg set himself up in the practice of law without the formality of being admitted to the bar. This let him in for a stretch on Welfare Island.

The 1930's were a relatively quiet period for Weinberg. In 1933 he bobbed up as "contact man" for the local head of the Civil Works Administration — a job which he actually held — and later selflessly resigned in order to spare his boss "embarrassment." Later on Weinberg taught mathematics for the WPA. Those years were tough for everybody.

With the outbreak of World War II, Weinberg installed himself in a New York hotel as a "Selective Service consultant" and ran a school

for draft-dodgers, teaching how to fake deafness, feeble-mindedness and other ailments. His fees for individual instruction ranged from \$200 to \$2000; at one point, the FBI had 22 suspected pupils under investigation. A number of Weinberg's students hoodwinked the military. Weinberg himself was so certain of his methods that he was amenable to a "cash on delivery" deal — payment when success was achieved. His instructions were frequently supplemented by medications that caused changes in blood pressure or sudden illness.

The school was a lucrative enterprise, the FBI discovering that Weinberg had stashed away at least \$15,000 in a ten-month period. But as with all of Weinberg's projects, he had neglected a few crucial details: he forgot to teach his students to be discreet with the FBI. When tracked down, most of them spilled the story — and nine were convicted with Weinberg. Once again he was pronounced sane after a week at Bellevue. He was sentenced to seven years.

With time off for good behavior, Weinberg was out in 1948. Some months later, as Stanley Clifford Weyman, he came to see Robert Erwin, head of the Erwin News Service, a reputable outfit that specializes in Washington coverage for small-town papers and radio stations. The agency was starting a Latin American service, and Weinberg asked for a job furnishing feature

material at the UN. Weinberg said he was a former newspaperman, publicity man and student of Latin American affairs. Mr. Erwin was so taken with Weinberg's knowledgeable and breezy charm that he did not bother to ask for references, but very quickly accredited him at the UN and set him to work on a part-time basis. And Weinberg worked out well. "He wasn't a brilliant writer," Mr. Erwin reports, "but he had a good news sense — and he seemed to know everybody."

THAT REFRAIN RUNS through all retrospective accounts of Weyman's work at the UN. Once he had accreditation, it was relatively easy for him to find employment with the London *Daily Mirror* as a part-time employe paid on a piece-rate basis, and to become UN correspondent for the FM station WFDR. On WFDR, Weinberg delivered a five-minute daily commentary; once a week he also brought UN luminaries to his microphone to be interviewed by a panel of reporters. The delegation chiefs of Greece, Egypt, China, Thailand, Haiti were all squired to the WFDR microphone by Weyman, as well as Frank Corrigan, Latin American liaison officer of the U. S. mission to the UN.

Meantime, Weyman became a special favorite of the Thailand delegation, having persuaded the members that he had been an OSS operative in their country during the war.

Early this year Ambassador Wan Waithayakon was about to employ him as a press officer, giving him diplomatic status in the bargain. For Stanley Clifford Weyman it was a lifelong dream come true.

He then made his fatal error. He wrote a letter to the State Department on March 7, 1951, inquiring about his diplomatic privileges and immunities, and the effect on his American citizenship, if he took such a post. The letter caused the State Department to look up its file

on Weyman. His impressive background suddenly tumbled into view, the wires buzzed between New York and Washington, and by the time the dust had settled Weyman was discredited by the Erwin News Service, his probation officer directed him to get a job in non-diplomatic circles, and the Thailand delegation was looking sheepish. And everybody was a little sad, for good old Stan had been a pleasant fellow with a remarkable talent for influencing people.



D. H. Lawrence:

BEARDING THE PROPHET

William Poster

Journey with Genius, by Witter Bynner. John Day Co. \$4.00. 361 pp.

In 1930, in France, a country for which he had no particular affection, David Herbert Lawrence died at the age of 45, leaving behind the product of one of the most febrile talents in English literature. Included in this product were a mass of narratives, essays and poems tossed off with the assured ease of someone with a great natural gift for language, mingling brilliant descriptions of the worlds of nature and society with sustained, long-drawn efforts to find a new morality, a new religion and a new way of life for a humanity, that seemed to Lawrence to be, as he was, desperately

ill from the old ways. It was the combination of his gifts as prophet of a new order and a writer that made him the most controversial figure of his generation. The son of a Nottingham coal-miner, books like *Sons and Lovers*, *Fantasia of the Unconscious* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, made him an outstanding figure in English and American literary society where he quickly attracted more than his share of the emotions generated by literary success — love, admiration, devotion, hatred, malice, envy and rivalry.

Nearly everyone who has spoken as much as two words to Lawrence has burst into print with a long

memoir about him, and even, at this date, two decades after his personal life has come to an end, there is an intensity, a heat about them, that is astounding. It was a consequence of the moral revolution he tried to carry through that no one he met knew what kind of attitude to adopt toward him because Lawrence was trying to make old attitudes between human beings look meaningless and devoid of truth. If Lawrence was right, or so it seemed, then his admirers were called upon to change their lives drastically, perhaps, as Lawrence often desired, to form a colony with himself at the head which would be the nucleus of a new society.

But no one, including Lawrence, was quite willing to make the leap, and the modern society that Lawrence condemned and thought moribund had more life and ability to change left in it than he supposed. Even along the lines he indicated. By now, much of what was shockingly new in Lawrence has been widely accepted, partly because other people have had the same perceptions, partly through Freud, Jung and the legions of psychoanalysis, partly through the immense diffusion of Lawrence's ideas themselves, through a horde of disciples and imitators. If Lawrence's belief in "a phallic, non-cerebral religion" has not prevailed, elements of it have. When he was not far from death, Lawrence wrote: "The whole

trouble with sex is that we daren't speak of it and think of it naturally. We are not secretly sexual villains. We are not secretly sexually depraved. We are just human beings with living sex. . . . My sex is me as my mind is me and nobody will make me feel shame about it."

Today such a statement has become more or less commonplace, the ideal espoused in progressive schools and among medical men, though not with Lawrence's intensity and subtlety. In making it more a matter of health than anything else, people have also trivialized sex to an extent that Lawrence, who felt physical love to be a crucial, religious experience, would in all probability have found intolerable. Similarly he would have found unendurable the use to which his doctrines have been put by pornographers of one kind or another, homosexuals and debauchees. But the distortion of nearly all of Lawrence's important ideas was inevitable because of their very nature.

By the end of the nineteenth century, there were certain facts about life and culture that nearly all of Europe seemed to have forgotten. Just when it seemed as if certain aspects of human nature were due for permanent burial, however, they were most violently revived by poets, painters, novelists and philosophers. Cezanne, said Lawrence, when he painted an apple, was un-

locking human feelings that had been buried for two thousand years. The psychologist and anthropologist began looking towards primitive man for the explanation of some of the more puzzling phenomena of human life. Lawrence, too, seemed to resurrect primitive ways of looking at life, values that had all but receded from civilized consciousness but were still functioning because they were an intrinsic part of human nature that could not be destroyed without destroying the human animal itself. Where, however, the psychiatrists and anthropologists were primarily students of primitive affairs, Lawrence, along with a highly civilized articulateness, seemed to have recovered something of the primitive man's awareness.

As a consequence, his fiction was unique. Whether he described animals, landscapes or human beings, he seemed to be writing about a different universe than engaged the attention of his predecessors, a fresher, more wonderful and terrifying universe that had broken loose from the narrow concepts of European civilization and become again the arena where great cosmic forces struggled, combined and broke apart. A human being, to Lawrence, was, likewise, not a collection of civilized habits, ideals and ambitions but "the locus of a polytheism," an organized, living "column of blood" whose dramatic value

resided not in his struggles in the world of men but in the entry and exit of the dark and light "gods" of lust, rage, love, power and sympathy. The very organs of the human body were described by Lawrence in *Fantasia of the Unconscious* as nodes through which great vital forces functioned.

Not content with bringing the primitive and animal world back to human consciousness, Lawrence also became its propagandist. Western civilization, he seemed to be saying, was from the beginning a colossal mistake. Overevaluating mind and will, Western man had conquered the earth, destroying wild, spontaneous life everywhere. By controlling and regulating himself in accord with mental notions, man had also destroyed the deep, instinctual life in him, until he was a botched, bored, unhappy creature, incapable of reacting to the wonders and splendors of life on earth. He launched a kind of one-man crusade to recapture our primitive heritage and promptly proceeded to run into insoluble difficulties.

At times he seemed like a new kind of Christ risen and a small devoted band of admirers came to follow him. But he had no place to take them, no very concrete way of realizing his aims and too much sense to launch a hocus-pocus cult. And the band of followers squawked and fell apart amidst bickerings and

jealousies. Willing to back his intuition where it defied custom and common sense, he would appear at times like a highly charged, sensitive man with the unusual nerve and brains it takes to defy public opinion; at other times he sounded like a raging lunatic, an affected poseur or a spoiled child. And since nearly everything he had to say depended on feeling and couldn't quite be demonstrated and he wasn't much of a logician, it was the easiest thing in the world for very inferior people to contradict him, poke fun at him and make him look silly and uncivilized.

In his enthusiasm and haste to restore what he felt human beings needed, Lawrence sharply opposed nearly all accepted values in an excessive fashion which he tended to correct somewhat as he matured. Nearly all the effort of moral leaders in the past had been to restrain and discipline human passion through knowledge and will-power. Lawrence, feeling that human passions had been perverted beyond all recognition and all but extinguished, preached the recrudescence of the passions and poured scorn on the human mind as a white light which merely reflected life and played no role of importance within it. To the reigning altruism and the Christian ethic of loving your neighbor he opposed a doctrine of self-fulfillment. Satisfy yourself and you will satisfy others was his new version of the

golden rule. And he attacked democracy because it did not allow life to be controlled by the superior man but placed him at the mercy of his inferiors.

In his fiction he often set about showing how much damage the emotion of love could do, how it could be exploited for the benefit of violently inhuman, destructive emotions, how excessive maternal love could dominate children and destroy their individuality; how a woman's love could emasculate a man and prevent him from dealing with the world as he had to. And he tried to restore dignity and a sense of value to potency and to sexual passion which society had all but reduced to the status of a criminal impulse. Between men he wanted dynamic, fluid relations that expressed human beings as they really were, instead of reducing them to a stereotype of friendship and brotherly love. Let men quarrel and fight with each other or help and sympathize with each other as they really felt, instead of forcing themselves to like one another. If one human was capable of dominating another, he believed in letting him dominate by all means. Superiority, he argued, should be forcefully expressed rather than concealed in the interests of harmony.

It was all much easier on paper than it was in actuality. For Lawrence, too, had to live in a civilized society where a too free expression

of your feelings is liable merely to get you confined to the hoosegow. It is also something of a wonder that Lawrence who was perfectly capable of rising up to denounce a crowd of strangers, died in bed instead of from a fractured skull. When he went to a bullfight in Mexico, the spectacle of a bull goring a helpless horse made him rise from his seat and revile the tough audience in eloquent Spanish before departing in disgust. He would turn on his friends, his wife or even against animals with startling fury to ward off what he felt were assaults against his personality or even merely to attack affectation, insensitivity or bitchiness. The fact that he was probably more often right than wrong did not help matters much because people, trained to suppress their angers through generations, could no longer even quite see what there was to be stirred up about.

At all times, in whatever he did or wrote, even in his silliest actions there was a germ of truth because he was trying in a solitary, courageous fashion to get back into work and life, the individual spontaneity without which human existence turns into mere mental and physical drudgery. But how do you get back spontaneity into people who for centuries, have been over-disciplined, over-drilled, over-taught and over-inhibited? It is the most baffling

problem of all as progressive educators and psychoanalysts have since realized. For spontaneity, by definition, is not a creed and it cannot be taught. The human will is an instrument of incredible power and it can force people into the most unnatural molds but it cannot break the molds it has created. Yet, if conditions are right and if the wrong ideas and ideals are destroyed, then, often, nature, in its own way and under new forms, finds modes in which human vitality can express itself. So that the most enduring parts of Lawrence's work are his hawk-eyed, savagely witty, destructive attacks on modern society. And the weakest element in his work is probably his attempt to bring back primitive spontaneity under forced draught without taking into account the conditions under which man must live. For civilization is a kind of natural environment, too; and the human animal must be readapted to the jungles of the city and the labyrinths of industrial society just as in the past he had to adapt himself to deserts or forests.

Now that Mr. Bynner's book is written, all the returns are probably in on Lawrence's two years in Mexico and New Mexico. Although the Lawrences spent a great deal of time with Mr. Bynner, it is difficult to see what they had in common. Perhaps, since Bynner was completely, even if not very intelligently, for everything that Law-

rence was against, they enjoyed quarreling. Mr. Bynner has, unwisely, I would say, published letters he wrote to friends and notes he made in his diary some twenty years ago. He often has condemned Lawrence for preaching the value of hate, conflict and anger, where he himself, he assures one, strives for love, harmony, peace and goodwill. Yet his critique of Lawrence, both the portions of it written two decades ago and the recent additions, is an inept document, as loaded with ill-digested spleen, envy and rancour as can be found in the annals of literature. In between attempts to sound judicious, in which he offers praise of Lawrence with all the elephantine grace of a museum curator praising a child's finger-paintings, he reveals, what is at this date, an incredible incomprehension of the very nature of Lawrence's effort. In the most vitriolic attack he ever wrote, Lawrence showed more sympathy and understanding of people than Mr. Bynner does in his kindest moments.

One of the bones of contention between Lawrence and Bynner was democracy, which Mr. Bynner, never one to take a daring point of view, was naturally for and Lawrence, prone to originality at all costs, was heatedly against. In the long run, if he had ever taken to concrete political formulations, Lawrence, with his hatred of bullies and mob violence, would probably have been for politi-

cal democracy even if it did mean the sacrifice of his ideal of leadership by the gifted, an ideal which he did relinquish in his later years. What Lawrence primarily criticized in democracy was the spirit of conformity and the levelling instinct which makes people rush to trample on anyone who deviates from the norm.

Bynner is indeed a prime example of one of the faults of democracy, faults which can and should be criticized even by its most intense partisan. A born minor writer, which it is no disgrace to be, Mr. Bynner is the perfect case of the inferior mind who insists, to his own undoing, on sounding off like a genius, with the spurious eloquence, false passion and lack of careful thought that distinguish the breed. He also has the neat democratic trick of coupling his name and Lawrence's in such a way that the reader will think of them as equals. They are, doubtless, both men, and entitled to equal consideration in the world of law, but not, alas, in the world of letters which knows no Bill of Rights but those of talent and insight. And just how democratic Mr. Bynner fundamentally is in spirit, may be gauged by his habit of citing irrelevant personal conversations with such ill-assorted big names as Mrs. Roosevelt and Henry Ford. About the only decent things accomplished by Mr. Bynner's book is to add a little to the portrait of the man as he actually was and to defend him against the

charges of impotence and homosexuality that Freud-intoxicated critics have issued with such monotonous regularity against everyone who shows some concern over sex.

The Autobiography of William Carlos Williams: Random House. \$3.75. 402 pp. William Carlos Williams' autobiography is a good one. Both a physician and one of our leading poets, he has wisely chosen to chronicle his medical as well as his literary reminiscences. Chapter 37, A Maternity Case, is alone worth the price of admission, being the account of the delayed accouchement of a pair of heavy, red, bawling twins by a fat woman sprawled over and filling two beds (with springs touching the floor) while her burly Irish policeman husband hovers menacingly outside with a .45 in his holster. To find an equal to this scene, one would have to go back to the literally Gargantuan birth recorded in Rabelais' opening chapter on Garganelle. The fact is that Williams' patients are more interestingly presented than his literary pals and his accounts of hospital life in New York City constitutes a convincing retrospect of sordidness and rascality.

On the other hand, Williams' account of the revolution of the word, while it adds in some degree to our

knowledge of earlier literary generations, has the rather surprising and, perhaps unintended, effect of diminishing them. One reads of magazine launchings, literary parties, poetry readings, cafe get-togethers in Greenwich Village and elsewhere, in short of the exciting ferment and bold experimentation of the generation of 1913. But in the end, one is left in some doubt as to the positive achievement and the mental quality of the writers of the time. There seems to have been as much drinking as thinking among the literary revolutionaries held up for our admiration.

This no doubt unjust impression must at least in part be debitted to Williams. As old a hand as he is at the game, he seems quite unable to look at writers in his camp with the same penetration as he does his enemies, patients or family friends. This amazingly pure man accords to his literary friends the same credence an unliterary man displays for the lowliest fictioneer. The result is that while the autobiography swarms with excellent physical images of literary figures and useful data as to circumstances of publication of certain works, it is curiously short on good conversation and quotable lines. His treatment of Pound forms a notable exception to this stricture. Mingled with his affection for Pound is a strain of emulation and opposition which sometimes results in a sharply focussed account of his dealings with

him: "I was eager to take at least a look at the English countryside. Ezra was furious — as usual. 'Did you come to see me or the sheep in Hyde Park?' he asked."

"Pound had gone to London. Thence, almost at once his books began to arrive: *Personae* (his first success) and then *Exultations*. 'Come on over,' he had written me, 'and

help me chew off a chunk.' "

The Joyce matter, though limited, is excellent:

"As we started to drink another round, Bob McAlmon who may have been a little tight, proposed: 'Here's to Sin!'

Joyce looked up suddenly. 'I won't drink to that,' he said."

FELIX GIOVANELLI

IN SHORT

. . . *Rockets, Missiles and Space Travel* by Willy Ley. Viking Press. \$5.95. 436 pp. A sharply written, absorbing account of the history of the rocket, a simple gadget with a long past and a complicated future. Also details, with commendable restraint, a fabulous plan to set up on the moon a permanent staff headquarters to be used for scientific research and the current stage of development of space-travel vehicles. Lucid and exciting popular scientific writing. *We Barrymores*, by Lionel Barrymore (as told to Cameron Shipp). Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc. \$3.50. 306 pp. Mostly anecdotes about a rowdy, eloquent, talented family, not quite so colorful as you would expect but all fairly entertaining reading. It includes a very touching account of the last days of the fabulous John, a great actor and one of America's foremost wisecrackers down to his very last breath. *Voyage to Wind-*

ward, by J. C. Furnas. William Sloan Associates, Inc. \$5. 566 pp. A well-documented and annotated biography of a man as diverse, adventurous and stimulating as his own fiction. It presents a great deal of new and lively material about Stevenson's sojourn in America and his South Sea paradise. Mr. Furnas does a nice job of organizing his narrative but you constantly have to hurdle his pretentious, twisted, metaphor-encumbered sentences to get at it. *The Poetry of Ezra Pound*, by Hugh Kenner. New Directions. \$4. 342 pp. A scholarly elucidation of the work of America's most notorious poet, whose immense gifts have frequently been lost sight of in the controversy over his politics. The value of the book is chiefly as an anthology as Mr. Kenner has been at great pains to supply excerpts from much of Pound's unavailable prose. You get a pretty good picture of the chaotic

if powerful and learned mind that could denounce corruption in democracies and admire the Mussolini who pushed Italy into the first World War for a French bribe. Mr. Kenner's uncritical admiration for that mind and its least manifestation is to say the least, excessive. He also unjustifiably assumes that Pound's critical and speculative intentions are fully realized in his poetry. *The Face of Innocence*, by William Sansom. Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$3.252 pp. The face of innocence belongs to a young bride who fantasies a wicked past in order to appear more interesting to herself and to her spouse. Caught lying, she fills the newly created void by having an adulterous affair with a French garage mechanic. Sansom's second novel is as trivial and unconvincing as this summary would suggest. The only critical problem presented by it is which of the three characters is the biggest nitwit; the errant wife, the stolid husband or Mr. Omniscience, Sansom's deputy (not, one hopes, his alter ego) who relates the story in the first person. From the high level of Sansom's early short stories to this constitutes one of the more spectacular literary declines of recent years. *The Rise and Fall of Civilization*, by Shepard B. Clough, McGraw-Hill, \$4.50. What Professor Clough had to tell us about civilization may be boiled down to the platitude that "though man cannot live by bread alone, he must at least have bread."

Or, as the author puts it, "there is a correlation between the accumulation of an economic surplus and the attainment of the highest stages of civilization." The fact that this is scarcely news does not prevent Professor Clough from believing that he is somehow refuting Arnold J. Toynbee by reiterating it. The book is billed as an answer to Toynbee's "challenge and response" theory of the emergency of civilization although it contains no evidence that the author has read Toynbee's works more than carelessly.

Clough concedes at the very start that his definition of civilization "comes from Western civilization . . . and involves a value judgment which is not shared by all cultures." He also restricts his study to those civilizations "which have contributed most directly . . . to the development of Western civilization." The very essence of Toynbee's teaching, however, is that the history of culture is not identical with the history of Western civilization. Indeed, Toynbee warns us that we had better start learning about non-Western cultures because in the unified world of the future our descendants will be the cultural heirs of Gautama and Lao-Tse as well as of Plato and Christ. Apart from its poorly supported central hypothesis, *The Rise and Fall of Civilization* is merely a conventional, and somewhat vulgarized account of the history of Western man.

*The Downtrodden
Cinderella
of the Highways*

In Defense of **TRUCKS**

John S. Worley

THE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN with the California license was fairly sizzling with exasperation as he pulled up at the gas station where I was chatting with Tom, who operates it.

"Trucks — those blankety-blank trucks!" he sputtered. "Clutter up the roads so a real driver can't move! Should be a law . . . should be barred from the highways! Fill 'er up, young man."

He couldn't have picked a more interested audience for his beef. Tom and I, it happened, had been talking about that very subject. That was why Tom half-winked at me as he attached the hose, then addressed himself, smiling, to the customer.

"Would be kinda tough on me," he said, "not to mention you, mister."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean if you barred the roads to trucks. You see, all my gasoline and oil is delivered by truck. So I'd be out of business quick, and you'd have to carry extra fuel in the back of your car."

"Hadn't thought of that," the

Californian conceded, "I suppose we couldn't keep them *all* off anyhow."

I took a hand in the conversation. "You'd have to make a lot of other exceptions, I'm afraid," I said. "Take your fine car, for instance. Manufactured about fifty miles from here, in Detroit, but the chances are, two to one, it was delivered to your local dealer by truck. Nearly two-thirds of all cars produced are hauled to the points of sale by trucks and trailers — give you the exact figures if you want them. Where are you headed, may I ask?"

"Youngstown, to visit my daughters and grandchildren."

"Grandchildren, eh?" I pushed my advantage. "Then you'd better go easy on chasing trucks off the highways. If you want the youngsters to have their milk, that is. Practically all the milk for towns and cities, Youngstown included, is hauled by trucks."

"Aw, lay off, professor," Tom put in.

"If you had traveled from California by train instead of automobile," I continued, "nobody would

be any worse off, would they? But if those trucks were suddenly outlawed, why virtually all normal life would be stalled. Our whole economy would be paralyzed. Thousands of factories wouldn't be getting their rawstuffs and couldn't move their vitally needed finished goods to railroad depots or final destinations. So, if *somebody* is to be kept off the public highways, it certainly isn't trucks."

The California man's anger, I noted, was dissolving into a faintly apologetic look.

"And that isn't the half of it. It's the trucker who puts fresh fish and vegetables and oranges and medicines and fuel oil into the remotest areas all year round. Has it occurred to you that some twenty-five thousand American communities not on the railroad network are *totally* dependent on trucks for everything? So your little plan to push them off the roads would condemn them to disaster. Has it occurred to you —"

"Say, you fellows ganging up on me? I was just letting off steam. Let the goddammed trucks roll, for all I care!" The Californian was now grinning. Not a bad-natured sort, after all. Just tired after a couple of days' driving, annoyed by commerce interfering with his pleasure, and like other motorists vaguely prejudiced against the out-size company their family-size cars must keep when driving.

THE ELDERLY gentleman's unthinking peeve about sharing the magnificent highways of our country with eight million trucks is worth examining. It is at the bottom of a phenomenon with which, as a specialist in transportation, I have been concerned for a good many years. Better than any statistics or engineering analyses, it helps explain why trucking is the Cinderella of the transport family — abused out of hand, badgered by punitive legislation and taxes, and, above all, blamed for all the ills to which motor highways are heir.

Road officials, tax officials, automotive outfits, writers, anyone who needs a convenient whipping boy for traffic annoyances has it ready-made in the trucks and trailers. They're too big and too numerous to be overlooked. And in our nation of car drivers obliged to share the right-of-ways with commercial vehicles, the popular mind seems too ready to find plausibility in the most far-fetched arguments against the big "intruders."

During 1950, for example, three national magazines in the course of four months assailed trucks as a threat to the nation's roads. Two of the articles were on the newsstands simultaneously. Approximately the same arguments, and even a few of the same facts and episodes, figured in all three publications. How explain a coincidence that looks remarkably like a gang-up?

The answer of course is that editors are all too human, and share the irrational spleens of their readers. This makes them easy targets for anti-truck propaganda with a special interest in the everlasting competition for the transport dollar. Having been discommoded at one time or another, perhaps while out for a Sunday drive, by a line of oversized vehicles hauling livestock or gasoline, logs or refrigerated fish, an indictment of trucks reaching their desks finds them receptive and, alas, uncritical.

Neither the editor nor the reader stops to consider that highways, from time immemorial, have been primarily arteries of trade. If there is an "intruder" on the roads, it is more likely to be the individual motorist. To hound trucks from the highways on any pretext, to make existence onerous for the trucking industry, makes about as much sense as barring city streets to vehicular traffic because it infringes on the comfort of pedestrians.

The trucking population of our roads has grown steadily, from some three hundred thousand during the First World War to some eight million today. Thirteen percent of the nation's freight is hauled by motorized vehicles as against 4 percent thirty years ago. But this expansion has not been accidental or arbitrary. It has come as a direct response to economic imperatives. The growth reflects, and in turn

accelerates, an American way of life in which the small town, in the heart of the continent and off the chartered railway tracks, expects and gets, as a matter of course, the multifarious products of our farms and factories from all parts of the country.

The truck, unlike the railroad freighter, can go wherever there is a road and often where there isn't any. It has been rightly described as "tailor-made," in the sense that it can be designed for the special needs of any area, any product, any load. This, plus the flexibility of trucking time schedules, has given transportation a new dimension of efficiency. The truck, for instance, has become the mainstay of small businesses which cannot afford to buy their supplies in carloads.

As American industry is increasingly decentralized and deployed to smaller communities, in effect breaking out of the former strait-jacket of the rail network, its dependence on trucking increases correspondingly. In fact, trucks provide indispensable links between industry and rail terminals at one end, between rail terminals and destination at the other end. Retailers, now able to replenish their stocks daily and thus avoid costly inventories and warehousing, relish this new freedom made possible by truck deliveries. Motorized transportation, in short, has become a vital element

in the national economy and one for which there can be no substitute.

It has been calculated that nearly 15 percent of all jobs in the country — one in every seven — is provided by the trucking industry. This sounds excessive at first, until we realize that there are over five million truck drivers, and nearly a million maintenance men; that it takes 1,500,000 oil refinery workers to fuel the trucks, while millions more are engaged in all aspects of manufacture, maintenance, sales and supplies for the automotive carriers.

If the individual driver were more conscious of these realities, he might be a bit more forbearing on the issue of roads “infested” by trucks. He would then comprehend that his everyday existence, from the fresh food on his table to the variety of goods in his local emporium, is intimately bound up with that “infestation.”

THE three magazine articles I mentioned built their case against trucks around episodes of violation of maximum weight laws. They told tales — mostly the same tales, as if pulled out of the same files — about truck drivers who sneak through back roads to evade weight inspectors, or connive with gas-station “spotters” to foil the law. Admittedly this made flamboyant reading. Yet to condemn an entire essential industry for the sins of its lawless brethren is as unreasonable

as condemning the entire population of a town by describing a few of its more dissolute characters.

As William A. Bresnahan, a spokesman for the American Trucking Associations, put it in the course of a Senate hearing last June: “Law violations by motor trucks are being played up for all they are worth by those who are making a calculated effort to give the entire industry a black eye.” My point is that editors, radio commentators, politicians, join the eye-blackening process, innocently for the most part, precisely because they are already “misanthropes” on the trucking species, preconditioned to believe the worst about the breed.

More conscientious checking would have revealed that the offending truckers are a tiny minority; that some of the violations are due to the chaos of conflicting State regulations which sometimes make the law-abiding trucker in forty-seven states a law-breaker in the forty-eighth; that perfectly legal loads are often turned illegal by a sheer accident, such as a rain that adds tons to the original freight. It would reveal, more importantly, that the trucking industry itself combats the minority of willful violators and has, in addition, long been seeking uniform laws to supersede the present nightmare of contradictions.

That the self-interest of competitors, meaning in this case the railroads, plays a part in churning up

anti-truck sentiment is understandable and not in itself reprehensible. Though they are carrying about twice as much freight tonnage as in the boom year of 1929, they cannot be expected to remain indifferent to the challenge of motorized haulage.

"Railroads and railroad associations," the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce declared some years ago, "have spent large sums in lobbying for anti-truck legislation. Seldom revealing their true role, they have worked 'under cover' of taxpayers' groups, transportation associations, safety councils and other organized groups."

The late Joseph B. Eastman, then head of the Office of Defense Transportation, was no less explicit in discussing the attacks on trucking:

"Unfortunately, the situation has been affected, at times to a controlling extent, by a factor which has nothing to do with the protection of the public safety or the conservation of highways, and that is the desire of the railroads to limit or embarrass the competition which they encounter from motor trucks or buses. The railroads and their employees, who are powerful politically, have been extremely active in seeking State restrictions upon the size and weight of motor vehicles for this purpose and in opposing Federal remedial legislation."

The advent of every new industry has always seemed to the older

competitors an invasion of their vested rights. It is the *success* of so much of the railroad propaganda that concerns me here. The annoyance of the individual driver with trucks on the highways, his failure to visualize the extreme importance of the functions performed by the "intruder," provides a fertile soil for those with a dollar-and-cents stake in planting disinformation about the motorized carrier. And the sowing, of course, is prodigious in scale. Besides the large railroads, each with its own public-relations department, there is the Association of American Railroads; there are State and regional railroad organizations; there are the Railroad Brotherhoods. And not one of them has any affection for Cinderella.

Then there are the organizations of, by and for the individual motorists, and in the first place the American Automobile Association. The truck, looking so huge on the driver's horizon, is a natural and almost inescapable target of their ministrations. What more natural than that the AAA should voice the unthinking piques of its vast membership, with the result that the faint mutterings emerge as thundering public blasts? In shifting upon truckers as large a part as possible of the blame for wear and tear of roads, of the costs of highway building and maintenance, such organizations seem to speak with the powerful voice of the people.

THIS IS NOT the place for a technical discussion of the causes of the manifold ailments inherent in roads. Suffice that heavy loads are the least of them. The average man, and that includes the average legislator, does not understand that the aggregate weight of a loaded vehicle is not the sole or determining factor. What matters is the number of wheels and the amount of air in each tire. A "light" vehicle on four wheels may exert more pressure than a heavy one on ten wheels. Though trucks are barred from the famous Merritt Parkway in Connecticut, large segments of it have suffered damage; but a parallel truck road is by contrast in first-rate shape. The condition of a road is determined by how well it is built in the first place, the nature of its bed, the efficiency of its maintenance.

I can attest, as a transportation engineer, that the weight of traffic units is minor in the total equation of road health. The tendency of laymen to attribute highway deterioration to the "heavy" vehicles is, in the last analysis due to an optical illusion. The real culprits of road wear, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, are the nature of the subsoil, the quality of the construction, the negligence of maintenance crews. But the truck is the one tangible scapegoat. Moreover, there is an amazing amount of exaggeration with respect to the condition of our nation's highways. Testifying on this

matter before a Senate subcommittee last year, I declared:

"Recently there have been articles and statements regarding the dilapidated condition of our roads and streets claiming that this alleged condition has been caused by heavy loads. During the last four years, I have given special attention to this subject, which included inspection of many miles of highways in many states.

"I found that our roads and streets were not in the condition reported. I found that both functionally and physically they were in a condition equal to or better than the average of our industrial plants. Wherever there was evidence of faulting in the pavement, it was due to neglected maintenance and not heavy trucks."

The Bureau of Public Roads, State Highway officials, big and little agencies eager to expand their own importance and enlarge their appropriations, are under temptation to play up road deterioration, to add gloomy colors to their diagnoses. It is only human, therefore, that some of their spokesmen should exploit the atmosphere of misconception and prejudice around truck and trailer. They pick up — and in turn reinforce — charges launched by automobile groups, claims frankly "angled" by railroad mouthpieces, melodramatized episodes featured by magazines. Thus what begins as a mere private muttering swells into a roar of public abuse.

The trucking industry, to make matters worse for the much-maligned truckman, is inherently incapable of effective rebuttal to such pressure-group accusations. Though a gigantic business in the aggregate, it is composed of an enormous number of little businesses, tens of thousands of them possessing just one truck. About 85 percent of all trucks and trailers in the hauling trade are in fleets of less than eight vehicles. In confronting the powerful railway organizations, the AAA, the Federal and local highway agencies, they are in effect a dispersed and impotent group of little men. In the last few years true enough, a few of them have begun to "talk back." But their voice is still just a whisper.

I do not wish to imply that the industry is without faults or sins —

that could scarcely be said of any enterprise of this magnitude, particularly one that is relatively young and not yet fully adjusted. Its organization and leading companies acknowledge the need for sound, scientific ceilings on size and weight of trucks on a uniform nationwide basis. While fighting unfair and discriminatory regulations and imposts in forty-eight legislatures, they have shown themselves ready to bear an equitable portion of the costs of maintaining and extending the national highway system.

I am convinced, however, that they are destined to remain the downtrodden Cinderella of the highways until the average American achieves a balanced, realistic, and better informed view of the vital role of the truck in the field of American transportation.

★
OUR ★
★
EAGLE

*Down
to
Earth*

★
ALAN DEVOE



PATRIOTISM is a funny thing. If a call were issued today for volunteers in some desperately dangerous undertaking to benefit America, there isn't much doubt that heroes would be proudly queued up in multitudes before sundown, sternly ready to offer their lives for this their country. That has happened many times; and under God it will never fail to happen. When we come upon the words "the American way," vague though those words are, they kindle us to a great glow of pride and rouse in us a host of

glorious remembrances and symbols . . . the Revolution that set us free and made us this liberty-land; the Declaration that sets forth our dedication; the Constitution that safeguards it. Patriotism? We Americans are proud to feel it, and are not embarrassed, in exaltation and defense of the American values that are inestimably precious to us, to make the eagle scream.

And there is where the "funny" part of patriotism comes in.

Take a dollar bill out of your pocket and look at it. You will see

reproduced upon it the Great Seal of the United States. There is no prouder emblem on earth, and no device, certainly, that more vividly sums up and symbolizes our country. It was on the afternoon of July 4, 1776, that our Congress appointed a committee to start work on the designing of that Great Seal. The committee members were "Dr. Franklin, Mr. J. Adams, and Mr. Jefferson." Take a good look now at the design as it was finally adopted. It's a noble-looking American eagle, isn't it? If you don't happen to have a dollar with you, you can see the same majestic bird, symbolizing our America, on a half-dollar or a quarter. You can see this American eagle, probably, on your State seal, for all but a handful of States have made the bird the stamp of their statehood. You can hear the eagle patriotically hymned when the next Fourth of July band marches by, blaring "The American Eagle," or you can see our eagle displayed in pride on a hero's medal or a commemorative coin. Look anywhere we will, and we encounter our national bird . . . except one place. We cannot find our American eagle, no matter how long we look, in most of our American sky.

The sign and symbol of a beloved country, by a tragic irony that is now just short of an irremediable catastrophe, has been all but harried into extinction. Patriotism is a funny thing.

At this moment there is a last chance that we can save our bird, and keep alive in reality the magnificent creature that we have so proudly kept alive in symbol. But it is a last chance. It's a chance which all Americans can join in wanting to seize, for this is something beyond politics and partisanship. This is a last chance for a united effort in real practical patriotism.

There is due to come before the Congress a bill designated as H.R. 1870. It proposes a federal law extending protection of our eagles to Alaska. On June 8, 1951, a subcommittee of the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries held hearings in executive session on H.R. 1870. The chairman of the subcommittee reported hundreds of letters in support of the bill, just one letter against it. The bill looks pretty sure to pass, then, doesn't it? Well, queer things happen. After all, Alaska is a long way away, and most of us may never go there, and what's all this to do with our eagles anyway? After all, we taxpayers have a lot of pressing things on our minds these days. Maybe we mean to write our Congressman, but then we forget it. There was a good bill back in the 81st Congress that was going to save our eagles by giving them protection in their last Alaskan stronghold. It failed to pass and never became law.

In the days of our country's fa-

thers, the American eagle was found everywhere within the primeval land that has now become our forty-eight states. Today there are just two places where eagles survive in numbers sufficient to constitute what ornithologists call "significant populations." One area is in Florida, the other in the region of Chesapeake Bay. At the latest scientific estimate, it's guessed that there may be 350 pairs of eagles in Florida, and perhaps 150 pairs through Delaware, Maryland and Virginia. In state after state, there are no eagles at all; and in other states the remnant is so tiny as to be almost more poignantly pitiful than if the birds were gone entirely. At this moment, for instance, Pennsylvania boasts three pairs of eagles.

There is no use in crying over spilt milk, or over vanished eagles. The story of the extirpation of our national bird is the same story as that of many another decimated species. We thought they were inexhaustible. We thought killing them was a challenging sport that could go on forever. What sportsman could resist having a crack at this stupendous bird, or could rest happy until he could show a cluster of eagle-feathers among his trophies? In 1940 we were suddenly alarmed into the hurried passing of a federal law to give the eagle protection throughout our United States. But by then there was only the pitiful far-scattered remnant.

A white-headed eagle, *Haliaeetus leucocephalus*, is a grand bird. No naturalist can wonder that our forefathers, familiar with it in its wilderness splendor, chose it for our emblem. Though sometimes called a "bald" eagle, our eagle has a superbly feathered head of snowy whiteness. ("Bald" once meant just "white," as a "piebald" horse means a white-patched horse.) Its upper tail-coverts and tail are pure white too. The rest of its great body is feathered in black and grays. The magnificent beak and talons are the clear bright yellow of American corn. The eagle-eyes that sweep the horizon glitter golden. Thus dressed in splendor, the American eagle adds to its mighty impressiveness the suggestion, in all it does, of majestic dignity.

An American eagle may stretch close to eight feet from wing-tip to wing-tip. When the gigantic birds mate, they mate for life. The nest they build, often 40 or 50 feet above the earth in the top of a towering "eagle tree," is no casual seasonal construction, but a true home. The eagles use it year after year, repairing and adding to it until an eagle-nest may become an immense structure weighing as much as two tons. Naturalists have known eagle nests that have been used for thirty-five consecutive years. The eggs of most of our familiar birds take about two weeks to hatch. Eagles' eggs (usually two in a clutch) are brooded

for five weeks, and the eaglets remain in the great nest two months or more. A young eagle matures into its giant adulthood so slowly that it doesn't even acquire the distinctive white head and tail feathering until it is anywhere from three to six years old. When the fledglings of most of our familiar birds first fly from their nest they can make only brief, fumbling little flights. Eaglets, the very first time they launch into air from their towering tree-top, can often make a flight of a full mile.

SUCH IS OUR mighty American eagle, emblem of this country and its serene strength. It is no wonder, perhaps, that many a mythical whopper has long been fostered about so spectacular a bird. The eagle has been supposed to seize children. The fact is that an eagle cannot lift more than its own weight, never over 15 pounds. The eagle has been thought to be a bullying killer of smaller birds, notably the ducks that sportsmen cherish for their own killing. The fact is that the eagle very rarely preys on smaller birds, and on the infrequent occasions when it may strike down a duck the duck is usually the unvalued kind called a scoter. The only birds an eagle often disturbs are big fishhawks, ospreys. It doesn't injure them; it just intimidates them into surrendering fish they have caught. But

don't eagles commit heavy depredations among fawns, foxes, grouse, sheep and poultry? No. More than three-fourths of our eagle's diet (79 percent to be exact) consists of fish, and the overwhelmingly greater part of that consists of fish that the eagle finds already dead. The mighty white-headed eagle, monarch of the air, is no savage killer. It has the more peaceful office of serving as an invaluable scavenger.

Whoppers don't die easily. They even influence Legislatures. They persuaded the legislature of Alaska, in 1917, to put a bounty of 50 cents a bird on eagles. In 1923 the bounty was upped to a dollar. For a few years in the 'forties the bounty-offer was withdrawn; but then in 1949 it was enacted into law again, this time a bounty of \$2. A dismayed Governor Gruening let the measure become law without his signature.

The federal law of 1940 protecting eagles throughout the United States came too late to preserve more than the few tragic stragglers here. It might, however, have saved the considerably greater number of eagles surviving in the wilder territory of Alaska . . . eagles that are also "ours," for Alaska is a United States Territory. But Alaska, under that act, was exempted. And so, where there might have been protection, there has been a bounty. As of 1940, the eagles slaughtered under the Alaskan

bounty-system since 1917 had amounted to more than 100,000 birds. And now, as of 1949, the bounty is upped to \$2.

WILDLIFE experts have exhaustively studied our eagles in Alaska. They have patiently dissected the great birds' stomachs, analyzed their diet into precise percentages, dispelled forever the old folk-notions — upon which the bounty idea was originally based — that eagles are dangerous killers of Alaska's salmon or significant marauders upon the fur-farming industry. Against their findings there is no argument . . . no argument but such shameful persuasions as a man may find in two dollars.

The bill H.R. 1870 will presently

be coming up for action. It proposes to amend the old 1940 federal law to extend mandatory protection of our national bird to Alaska. It proposes, if you like, that we wake up to the fact that our American eagle isn't just something on the back of a dollar bill or a seal, but a real living bird, splendid in wild glory, a precious part of our national heritage. It suggests, if you like, that we remember a faraway day of "Dr. Franklin, Mr. J. Adams, and Mr. Jefferson," and that we take a pride that our fathers took. It says: *Here is something we ought to do for our self-respect as Americans.*

Perhaps we will get together and do it. You never know, though. Patriotism is a funny thing.

Draughts of Old Bourbon

The Auction Party for Virginia Hill



EVERY now and then, in the newspapers, I read about some event which I wish to hell I had witnessed. Later, I even wake up nights just wishing I had been there. Such an event occurred in Spokane, Washington, August 2, 1951: the Bureau of Internal Revenue auctioned off the personal possessions of America's most successful woman, Virginia Hill.

Knowing how I hate to miss a good auction — and how much I wanted one of Virginia's old chemises — MERCURY readers have been tantalizing me with newspaper clippings. Page after page of pictures of

eager hausfraus stampeding among all that loot, grabbing off beds in which Bugsy Siegel had once slept — it was the gayest day in Spokane since the rush for the Klondike.

It gets hot in Washington in August, but up at Virginia's house on Skyview Avenue the crowd started gathering before sunup. One reporter counted automobiles from twelve different states. By 8 A.M. the vendors of hot dogs, coffee, Coca-Cola, balloons, and noisemakers were flourishing; the cops had already settled two fist fights among ladies over front seats; and a Gypsy fortune teller was getting rich re-

vealing "Virginia's Secret" of how a girl can make a gangster want to give her money.

Promptly at 10 A.M. came the chant of the auctioneer, booming out over the loudspeakers. The first article offered was a leather belt waved casually before the throng and knocked down to a quick bid of \$10. The crowd was astonished at the high bid until an explanation began to seep around: the belt was inlaid with gold coins of a foreign mint and had a miniature gold roulette wheel mounted on the clasp. This rumor was enormously effective: every bidder began to assume that he'd find a stray diamond or so in most any article he purchased.

The Spokane *Spokesman-Review* reported at least one such windfall:

By a strange fluke of fortune a diamond and ruby wedding band with which Virginia Hill and Bugsy Siegel were to have been married was sold by mistake with a pair of cuff links to J. P. Gehrig for \$10. Mr. Gehrig later reported to tax officials that he had the ring but refused to return it to them. He was heard to add, however, that "if Virginia attached sentimental value to the ring" he would return it to her.

Continued *The Spokesman-Review*:

Virginia's fabulous collection of furs sold for approximately 23 per cent of their assessed value. Highest bid was for a silver-blue full-length mink, valued at \$5000. It was bought

by Michael Feuersinger for \$1500.

A Seattle physician, Dr. Roger Anderson, purchased an American white mink cape valued at \$3500 and a brown ranch-type mink valued at \$5000 for a total of \$1675. A \$1700 silver blue mink stole went to Columbia W. Stelz, Spokane.

A middle-aged woman, who refused to identify herself other than "Mrs. Mark," bought a \$1500 white mink stole for \$360.

Also anonymously purchased was a natural brown sable, valued at \$5000, which went for \$700. Assessed valuation of the furs was \$23,200. They sold for a total of \$5280.

Stanley H. Fogelquist, division chief of the collector of internal revenue's office, said the sale was "a tremendous success."

The crowd numbered about 4000 at its peak. Enterprising youths, age 9 and 10, by the names of Sharan Burgner and Roberta Tonn, set up a soft drink stand and sold pop as fast as it could be delivered. Ice cream wagons sold out often. By midafternoon bald men in the sweltering crowd covered their sun-crimsoned heads with handkerchiefs. Women took time to go home and change into cooler clothes.

The last of the 1800 articles belonging to Miss Hill did not go on sale until 9:15 P.M. It was a radio, twin of one in the late Bugsy Siegel's famous Flamingo Club in Las Vegas, Nevada, and valued at \$1500. It brought \$350.

Miss Hill's 150 pairs of shoes brought various prices. A pair of glass slippers went for \$5 and a pair of red shoes for \$25. One pair of glass

shoes and a black suede purse sold for \$10. Two pairs, one of leopard skin and the other plain kid, were bought for \$5. The luckiest shoe buyer was Mrs. J. D. King, who happened to wear the same size shoe as Virginia, 6½B, and Mrs. King bought many pairs.

Hundreds of articles, some of them collector's items, sold at prices far below their value. A pair of Dresden China lamps, assessed at \$1100, went to Dr. Byron Blough, of Colbert, Washington, for \$350.

An eight-piece set of Royal China was purchased by Roy Bean for \$30, and a hand-painted Napoleon plate sold for \$10. Nine pieces of Fostoria crystal brought \$7.

A pair of Italian china lamps valued at \$1000 were sold for \$65, and a six-piece kitchen dinette set brought \$72.50.

One of the loveliest pieces sold was a beautiful yellow and gold porcelain lamp with taffeta trim shade from the Siegel home. It sold for \$30.

Twenty volumes of Alexander Dumas brought \$15, and a 12-piece plated dinner set of flat silver was bought for \$60. Three dollars and fifty cents purchased 16 packages of Ivory soap flakes.

A deep-freeze unit, like the ones used by Mrs. Truman and General Vaughan, went for \$217.50, along with a refrigerator for \$120. The kitchen range brought \$210.

Women who appreciate lovely things had a field day. Her Dresden figurines, her collection of miniature oil lamps, and her beautifully tailored clothes were bargains.

A letter in *The Portland Oregonian* from Arlene Williams Webster, of Port Blakely, Washington, added this philosophical conclusion:

All Miss Hill's possessions were of the finest quality and in most discriminating taste — Cashmere sweaters, tailored suits from London, and furs styled with classic simplicity — they would compare favorably with the wardrobe of any acknowledged fashion leader. Her library included the works of Thackeray, Austen, Dumas, and collections of El Greco, Van Gogh and Renoir prints. Evidently the paths to culture do not all wind through junior leagues and cloistered halls.

Two Footnotes to Virginia's Story

Since the Kefauver Committee spent so many tax dollars investigating Virginia, any curious American citizen deserves an answer to the \$64 question: Just what has Virginia got that made so many men want to give her so much money? There's no excuse for any taxpayer in good standing having to pay a Gypsy fortune teller to learn "Virginia's Secret."

The public servant who knows Virginia's Secret is Senator Charles W. Tobey, Republican, of New Hampshire. In an executive session of the Kefauver Committee, not open to the public, the elongated Scourge of the Sinful finally asked Virginia. "Miss Hill," he asked, "why is it that all these men have

wanted to give you so much money?"

Whereupon, Virginia looked the senator straight in the eye and *told* him. And, friend, she *really* told him. There are those who report that the senator's recent mild heart attack was the result of the shock he suffered when he learned the Secret. And when they transferred Virginia's show to television, the Committee carefully avoided repeating the question, afraid they'd get the same answer.

So any taxpayer who wants to know Virginia's Secret should simply send a stamped, self-addressed postcard to the Honorable Charles W. Tobey, Senate Office Bldg., Washington, D. C., and request the senator to pass along the information which he gathered at taxpayers' expense.

A Defense Fund for Miss Hill

The Internal Revenue Bureau claims that Virginia owes \$161,000 in back taxes, yet the sale of all her possessions, including her house and her automobiles, netted only about \$30,000. Now Virginia is petitioning the tax court to set aside the claim and force the IRB to pay her the \$30,000.

"The government just gave my things away," she said, "just threw them away."

Around New York night clubs, Virginia's sad predicament has

touched not a few hearts—it's serious business when a government invades the privacy of a Southern-born lady and sells her wedding ring—and a movement has been started to raise a defense fund. Any MERCURY reader who wishes to contribute either cash or box tops to the Virginia Hill Defense Fund can send it to Lee Mortimer in care of THE MERCURY.

A Critique on Hand Kissing

Monsieur Louis Fontaine, of *The Evening Gazette*, Worcester, Mass., has called this department's attention to another distressing American failure abroad. It seems that as practitioners of the ancient Gallic art of hand kissing, both Generals MacArthur and Eisenhower have committed *faux pas* which must damage the national ego.

MacArthur's skirmish with *le baise-main* came last Summer when he greeted Madame Chiang Kai-Shek at Tokyo airport with a now famous smack; and Eisenhower, in an appalling manner, has been moving through Paris salons kissing hands almost literally *droit et gauche*.

To understand how we Americans have suffered one must know the strict French protocol.

1. Only the hand of a married woman may be kissed.
2. In a salon where many married women are gathered, only the hand of the hostess should be kissed.

3. No hand-kissing in public places. (Exceptions only for the *Opera* and the *Theater-Francais*.)

4. The hand should only be kissed when ungloved.

General MacArthur, in the photograph which appeared in every newspaper in the world outside the Iron Curtain, is shown clearly violating two of these rules. He performed the *baise-main* in public, and Madame's hand was gloved!

Mr. Fontaine holds the theory that this *faux pas* was the real reason why MacArthur was so summarily relieved of his command. Truman, who knows the French protocol, having learned it while he was serving with Battery D, and Acheson, the American counterpart of Anthony Eden — both these arbiters were so enraged when they saw the clumsiness of the MacArthur effort that they roused old General Marshall from his bed and had him fire MacArthur.

Eisenhower has probably managed to hold his job only because there have been no published photographs of his hand-kissing routine: it's strictly from Kansas.

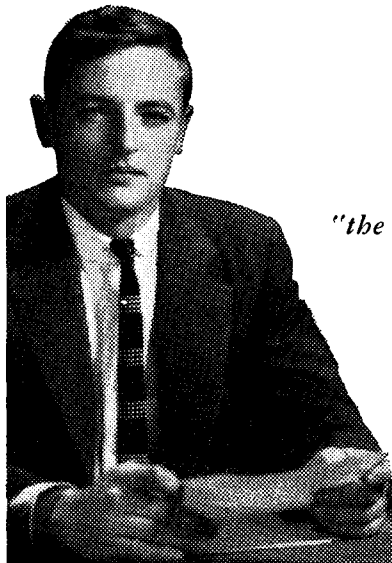
At a recent *levee* in the fashionable Paris suburb of Neuilly, Eisenhower walked into the salon and was greeted by the hostess. He promptly — and properly — kissed her hand. But ah! that was only the beginning. With typical American *joie de vie* he moved rapidly among *all the other women*, grabbing hands, right and

left, and kissing them. And as if this wasn't enough, the Supreme Commander approached the daughter of the hostess — an unmarried woman! — grabbed her hand and lifted it gaily to his lips!

The only saving grace for MacArthur was that, in his *baisemain* with the Madame, he did use the newly approved stand-up-straight technique. Arbiters noted that 1) he had stepped in close before grabbing the Madame's hand; 2) he had carried her hand to the height of his chin, thereby drawing her yet closer; 3) he had bent his head only slightly forward, a half-smile on his lips, while his eyes looked deeply into hers, and 4) he was reported to have murmured "*Mes hommages, madame*" as he implanted the warm yet delicate kiss on the back of her glove.

Eisenhower, Lord save us, not only violates all the other rules, but he still follows the hopelessly reactionary technique of bowing low and implanting the kiss at something like belt level instead of properly at shoulder level.

Now that our generals seem more or less permanently to be in the world business — and while the West Point curriculum is being overhauled — perhaps we had better start teaching soldiers how to execute the hand kiss by the numbers. We certainly can't tolerate any more of this MacArthur-Eisenhower conduct.



*He was called everything from
"a brilliant journalist" to
"the most dangerous undergraduate
Yale has seen in years."*

William F. Buckley, Jr.

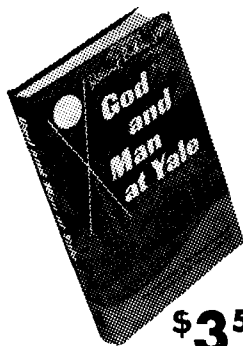
author of

God and Man at Yale

The Superstitions of "Academic Freedom"

Introduction by John Chamberlain

BUCKLEY'S career at Yale (class of '50) was brilliant and stormy. The class historian described him: "The most outspoken *News* chairman in 70 years, William F. Buckley, Jr., neatly undercut tolerance, tomfoolery, and everything to the left of Senator Taft. *News* editorials, for once, were regularly read: 'What'd Buckley say this morning?' He was his Class' Bright Young Man, among many bright young men; for better or for worse—and perhaps significantly — we had none to match him." His first book amounts to a declaration of war against the present drift of American education. Using his own alma mater, Yale, as a case in point, he shows how "academic freedom" is being used to undermine traditional American values. Buckley is an eloquent spokesman for the new generation of conservatives—the "new radicals" on the university scene.



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